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THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was late in October, when summer was gone even from the smooth English lanes about Sloebury, and autumn, with that brave flourish of flags and trumpets by which she conceals decay, was in full sway over the Scotch hills and moors when Lord Erradeen was next heard of by those interested in him. He had gone abroad at the end of the season, without even returning to Sloebury to see his mother, and very little had been known of him during this disappearance. Mrs. Methven, it is to be supposed, knew something of his movements, but the replies she gave to questions addressed to her were short and vague. She generally answered that he was in Switzerland; but that is rather a wide word, as everybody said, and if she was acquainted more particularly with his whereabouts she chose to keep the information to herself. And in Scotland there was nothing at all known about him. All kinds of business waited till he should be there, or should answer to the appeals made him. Letters elicited no reply, and indeed it was by no means certain that he got the letters that were sent to him. Mrs. Methven writing to Mr. Milnathort, avowed, though with reserve, that she was by no means sure of her son's address, as he was travelling about; and at his club they

had no information. So that all the details of the management of the estates, about which their proprietor required to be consulted, had accumulated, and lay hopelessly in the Edinburgh office, sometimes arranging themselves by mere progress of time, though this the angry lawyer, provoked beyond measure, would not allow. The Williamsons had returned to Loch Houran, to their magnificent modern castle of Birkenbraes, in August, for the grouse: it being the habit of the hospitable millionaire to fill his vast house for those rites of autumnal observance; but neither did they know anything of the wandering peer. "We saw a great deal of young Erradeen in London," Mr. Williamson said; "but at the end he just slipped through our fingers like a knotless thread." "That seems to be his most prominent characteristic," said Lord Innishouran, who for a time flattered himself that he had "acquired an influence" over this unsatisfactory young man; and the other potentates of the county shook their heads, and remarked that the Erradeens were always strange, and that this new man must be just like the rest. But there can be no doubt that, notwithstanding the indignant manner in which Katie had darted away after discovering the previous relations of Walter with Julia Herbert, and hearing Underwood's mali-

cious statement that "he must always have some one to amuse himself with," there was yet in that little person's mind a conviction that something more must be heard of Lord Erradeen. He would write, she thought, when he found that she had not waited for any explanation from him. It was not possible that after the close intercourse that had existed he would disappear and make no sign. And when this, which she thought impossible, really happened, Katie was more surprised than she would confess. He had "slipped away like a knotless thread." Nothing could be more true than this description. From the moment when she turned away from him in the great room at Burlington House, she had heard or seen nothing more of Walter. Whether it was that he had been drawn back to his allegiance to Miss Herbert—who Katie magnanimously allowed was very pretty—or whether he had been affronted by her own withdrawal, or whether—which was perhaps the most likely of all—he had acted on mere impulse without intention of any kind, she could not tell. Her heart was quite whole, and there was not any personal wistfulness in her questionings; but she was piqued, and curious, and perhaps more interested in Lord Erradeen than she had ever been before. It was almost a matter of course that she should take Oona into her confidence in this respect. For Oona was known, on his first appearance, to have "seen a great deal" of Lord Erradeen. This she herself explained with some eagerness to mean that she had met him three times—one of these times being the memorable moment of the eviction which he had put a stop to, an incident which had naturally made a great commotion in the countryside. But Mrs. Forrester had never felt the slightest reluctance to talk of their intercourse with the young lord. She had declared that she took a great interest in him, and that she was his first friend on Loch Houran: and an-

ticipated with cheerful confidence the certainty of his coming back, "more like one of my own boys than anything else," she said. The fact that the Forresters were the first to know, and indeed the only people who had known him, did indeed at the time of his first appearance identify them with Lord Erradeen in a marked way. The minister and the factor, though not matchmakers, had allowed, as has been said, to steal into their minds, that possibility which is more or less in the air when youth and maiden meet. And there were others who had said—some that Oona Forrester would make a capital wife for Lord Erradeen, a young man who was a stranger in the country; some that it would be a good thing for Oona to secure, before any one else knew him, the best match on the loch; and some even, that though Mrs. Forrester looked such a simple person, she had her wits all about her, and never neglected the interests of her family. In the course of time, as Lord Erradeen disappeared and was not heard of any more, this gossip drooped and died away. But it left a general impression on the mind of the district that there was a tie of friendship between Lord Erradeen and the ladies of the Isle. They had something to do with him—not love, since he had never come again; but some link of personal knowledge, interest, which nobody else had: any information about him would naturally be carried there first; and Katie, having elucidations to ask as well as confidences to make, lost no time in carrying her budget to the Isle.

The true position of affairs there was unsuspected by any one. The blank which Oona anticipated had closed down upon her with a force even stronger than that which she had feared. The void, altogether unknown to any one but herself, had made her sick with shame and distress. It was inconceivable to her that the breaking off of an intercourse so slight (as she said to herself), the absence of an

individual of whom she knew so little, not enough even for the most idiotical love at first sight, should have thus emptied out the interest of life, and made such a vacancy about her. It was a thing not to be submitted to, not to be acknowledged even, which she would have died sooner than let any one know, which she despised herself for being capable of. But notwithstanding all this self-indignation, repression, and shame, it was there. Life seemed emptied out of all its interest to the struggling, indignant, unhappy girl. Why should such a thing be? A chance encounter, no fault of hers, or his, or any one's. A few meetings, to her consciousness quite accidental, which she had neither wished for nor done anything to bring about. And then some strange difficulty, danger, she could not tell what, in which he had appealed to her for her help. She would have refused that help to no one. It was as natural for her to give aid and service as to breathe. But why, why should a thing so simple have brought upon her all this that followed? She was not aware even that she loved the man; no! she said to herself with a countenance ablaze with shame, how could she love him? she knew nothing of him; and yet when he had gone away the light had been drawn out of her horizon, the heart out of life. It was intolerable, it was cruel; and yet so it was. Nobody knew with what a miserable monotony the old routine of existence went on for some time after. She was so indignant, so angry, so full of resistance, that it disturbed her temper a little, and perhaps the irritation did her good. She went on (of course, having no choice in the matter), with all her old occupations just as usual, feeling herself in a sort of iron framework within which she moved without any volition of her own. The winter months passed like one long blank unfeatured day. But when the spring came, Oona's elastic nature had at last got the upper hand. There began again

to be a little sweetness to her in her existence. All this long struggle, and the slowly acquired victory, had been absolutely unsuspected by those about her. Mysie, perhaps, spectator as servants are of the life from which they are a little more apart than the members of a family, divined a disturbance in the being of her young mistress who was at the same time her child; but even she had no light as to what it was; and thus unobserved, unknown, though with many a desperate episode and conflict more than bloody, the little war began to be over. It left the girl with a throbbing experience of pain such as it is extraordinary to think could be acquired in the midst of so much peace, and at the same time with a sort of sickening apprehension now and then of the possibility of a renewal of the conflict. But no, she said to herself, that was not possible. Another time she would at least be forewarned. She would put on her armour and look to all her defences. Such a cheap and easy conquest should never be made of her again.

She had thus regained the command of herself without in the least forgetting what had been, when Katie came with her story to claim her advice and sympathy. Katie came from her father's castle with what was in reality a more splendid equipage than that which conveyed her with swift prancing horses along the side of the loch. She came attended by a crew of gentlemen, the best in these parts. Young Tom Campbell of the Ellermore family was her bow oar. He was furthest off, as being hopelessly ineligible, and not having, even in his own opinion, the least right to come to speech of the heiress, for whom he had a hot boyish passion. Scott of Inverhouran, a Campbell too by the mother's side and not far off the head of his clan, was stroke; and between these two sat the son of a Glasgow trader, who could have bought them both up, and an English baronet who had come to Birkenbraes nominally for

the grouse, really for Katie. Tom of Ellermore was the only one of the crew who might not, as people say, have married anybody, from the Duke's daughter downwards. Katie was accompanied by a mild, grey-haired lady who had once been her governess, and a pretty little girl of fifteen, not indisposed to accept a passing tribute from the least engaged of the gentlemen, who was the daughter of the same. Katie deposited her companions and her crew with Mrs. Forrester, and calling Oona aside, rushed up stairs to that young lady's bedchamber, where it was evident nobody could pursue them.

"Oh, Oona, never mind *them*," she cried. "Your mother will give them their tea and scones; but I want you—I want your advice—or at least I want you to tell me what you think. They will do very well with Mrs. Forrester." Then she drew her friend into the little elbow-chair in the window, Oona's favourite seat, and threw herself down on the footstool at her feet. "I want you to tell me—" she said, with a certain solemnity, "what you think of Lord Erradeen."

"Of Lord Erradeen?" said Oona, faintly. She was taken so completely by surprise that the shock almost betrayed her. Katie fixed upon her a pair of open, penetrating brown eyes. They were both fair, but Oona was of the golden tint, and Katie of a less distinguished light brownness. Katie, with her little profile somewhat blurred and indistinct in the outlines, had an air of common sense and reason, while Oona's was the higher type of poetry and romance.

"Yes; you know him better than any one about here. But first, I will tell you the circumstances. We saw a great deal of him in London. He came everywhere with us, and met us everywhere—"

"Then, Katie," cried Oona, with a little burst of natural impatience; "you must know him a great deal better than I."

Said Kate calmly—"I am a quite

different person from you, and I saw him only in society. Just hear me out, and you will know what I mean. People thought he was coming after me. I thought so myself more or less: but he never said a word. And the last night we met another girl, who got hold of him as some girls do—you know? Oh, not taking his arm with her hand, as you or I should do, or looking at him with her eyes; but just with a fling, with the whole of her, as those girls do. I was disgusted, and I sent him away. I don't think yet that he wished it, or cared. But of course he was obliged to go. And then Captain—I mean one that knew him—told me—oh, yes, he was like that; he must always have some one to amuse himself with. I would not see him after: I just came away. Now what does it mean? Is he a thing of that sort, that is not worth thinking about; or is he—?—oh, no, I am not asking for your advice: I ask you what you think."

Oona was not able to quench the agitation that rose up in her heart. It was like a sea suddenly roused by an unforeseen storm.

"I wish," she said, "you would not ask me such questions. I think nothing at all. I—never saw him—in that light."

"What do you think?" said Katie, without changing her tone. She did not look in her friend's face to make any discovery, but trifled with the bangles upon her arm, and left Oona free. As a matter of fact, she was quite unsuspecting of her companion's agitation; for the question, though very important, was not agitating to herself. She was desirous of having an unbiassed opinion, but even if that were unfavourable, it would not, she was aware, be at all likely to break her heart.

Oona on her side was used to having her advice asked. In the interval she schooled herself to a consideration of the question.

"I will tell you, Katie, how I have seen him," she said, "here with my

mother, and among the poor cotters in the Truach Glas. How could I tell from that how he would behave to a girl? He was very pretty with my mother. I liked him for it. He listened to her and did what she told him, and never put on an air, or looked wearied, as gentlemen will sometimes do. Then he was very kind to the cotters, as I have told you. To see them turned out made him wild with indignation. You may judge by that the kind of man he was. It was not like doing them a favour; it was mending a miserable wrong."

"I have heard all that before," said Katie, with a slight impatience, "but what has that to do with it? You are telling me facts, when I want your opinion. The one has nothing to do with the other. I can put this and that together myself. But what I want is an opinion. What do you *think*? Don't put me off any longer, but tell me that," Katie cried.

"What do you want my opinion about?" asked the other, with also, in her turn, some impatience in her voice.

Then Katie ceased playing with her bangles, and looked up. She had never before met with such an unsatisfactory response from Oona. She said with a directness which denoted a natural and hereditary turn for the practical—"Whether he will come; and if he comes, what it will be for?"

"He will certainly come," said Oona, "because he must. You that have lived on the loch so long—you know what the lords of Erradeen have to do."

"And do you mean to say," cried Katie, with indignation, "that an old silly story will bring him—and not me? If that is your opinion, Oona! Do you know that he is a man like ourselves? Lord Innishouran thinks very well of him. He thinks there is something in him. For my part, I have never seen that he was clever; but I should think he had some sense. And how could a man who has any sense allow himself to be led into that?" She jumped up

from her seat at Oona's feet in her indignation. "Perhaps you believe in the Warlock lord!" she said, with fine scorn. "Perhaps *he* believes in him? If Lord Erradeen should speak of that to me, I would laugh in his face. With some people it might be excusable, but with a man who is of his century!—The last one was a fool—everybody says so: and had his head full of rubbish, when he was not going wrong. By the by!" Katie cried—then stopped, as if struck by a new thought which had not occurred to her before.

"What is it?" said Oona, who had been listening with mingled resignation and impatience.

"When we took Lord Erradeen up he was with that Captain Underwood, who used to be with the old lord. I told him you would be sorry to see it. Now that I remember, he never asked me the reason why; but Captain Underwood disappeared. That looks as if he had given great importance to what I said to him. Perhaps after all, Oona, it is you of whom he was thinking. That, however, would not justify him in coming after me. I am very fond of you, but I should not care to be talked about all over London because a gentleman was in love with *you*!"

Oona had coloured high, and then grown pale. "You will see, if you think of it, that you must not use such words about me," she said, with an effort to be perfectly calm. "There is no gentleman in—as you say—with me. I have never put it in any one's power to speak so." As she spoke it was not only once but a dozen times that her countenance changed. With a complexion as clear as the early roses, and blood that ebbs and flows in her veins at every touch of feeling, how can a girl preserve such secrets from the keen perceptions of another? Katie kept an eye upon her, watching from under her downcast eyelids. She had the keenest powers of vision, and even could understand, when thus excited, characters of a higher tone than her own. She did not all at

once say anything, but paused to take in this new idea and reconcile it with the other ideas that had been in her mind before.

"That is very funny," said Katie, after an interval. "I never thought anything dramatical was going to happen to me: but I suppose, as they say in books, that your life is always a great deal more near that sort of thing than you suppose."

"What sort of thing?" said Oona, who felt that she had betrayed herself, yet was more determined than ever not to betray herself or to yield a single step to the curiosity of the world as embodied in this inquiring spirit. She added, with a little flush of courage, "When you, a great heiress, come in the way of a young lord, there is a sort of royal character about it. You will—marry for the sake of the world as well as for your own sake; and all the preliminaries, the doubts, and the difficulties, and the obstacles that come in the way, of course they are all like a romance. This interruption will be the most delightful episode. The course of true love never did run——"

"Oh stop!" cried Katie, "that's all so commonplace. It is far more exciting and original, Oona, that we should be rivals, you and I."

"You are making a great mistake," said Oona, rising with the most stately gravity. "I am no one's rival. I would not be even if——. But in this case it is absurd. I scarcely know Lord Erradeen, as I have told you. Let us dismiss him from the conversation," she added, with a movement of her hands as if putting something away. It had been impossible, however, even to say so much without the sudden flush which said more to the eyes of Katie, not herself addicted to blushing, than any words could do to her ears.

"It is very interesting," she said. "We may dismiss him from the conversation but we can't dismiss him from life, you know. And if he is sure to come to Kinloch Houran, as you say,

not for me, nor for you, but for that old nonsense, why then he will be—— And we shall be forced to consider the question. For my part, I find it far more interesting than I ever thought it would be. You are proud, and take it in King Cambyse's vein. But I'm not proud," said Katie, "I am a student of human nature. It will take a great deal of thinking over, and it's very interesting. I am fond of you, Oona, and you are prettier and better than I am; but I don't quite think at this moment that I will give in even to you, till——"

"If you insist on making a joke, I cannot help it," said Oona, still stately, "but I warn you, Katie, that you will offend me."

"Oh, offend you! Why should I offend you?" cried Katie, putting her arm within that of the Highland princess. "It is no joke, it is a problem. When I came to ask for your opinion I never thought it would be half so interesting. If he has good taste, of course I know whom he will choose."

"Katie!" cried Oona, with a violent blush, "if you think that I would submit to be a candidate—a competitor—for any man to choose——"

"How can you help it?" said Katie, calmly. "It appears it's nature. We have a great deal to put up with, being women, but we can't help ourselves. Of course the process will go on in his own mind. He will not be so brutal as to let us see that he is weighing and considering. And we can have our revenge after, if we like: we can always refuse. Come, Oona, I am quite satisfied. You and me, that are very fond of each other, we are rivals. We will not say a word about it, but we'll just go on and see what will happen. And I promise you I shall be as fond of you as ever, whatever happens. Men would say that was impossible—just as they say, the idiots, that women are never true friends. *That* is mere folly; but this is a problem, and it will be very interesting to work it out. I wonder if those

boys have eaten all the scones," Katie said, with the greatest simplicity, as she led Oona down stairs. She was so perfectly at her ease, taking the command of her more agitated companion, and so much pleased with her problem, that Oona's proud excitement of self-defence melted away in the humour of the situation. She threw herself into the gaiety of the merry young party down stairs, among whom Mrs. Forrester was in her element, dispensing tea and the most liberal supply of scones, which Mysie, with equal satisfaction, kept bringing in in ever fresh supplies, folded in the whitest of napkins. Katie immediately claimed her share of these dainties, intimating at once, with the decision of a connoisseur, the kind she preferred, but when supplied remained a little serious, paying no attention to "the boys," as she, somewhat contemptuously, entitled her attendants, and thinking over her problem. But Oona, in her excitement and self-consciousness, ran over with mirth and spirits. She talked and laughed with nervous gaiety, so that Hamish heard the sound of the fun down upon the beach where he watched over the boats, lest a passing shower should come up and wet the cushions of the magnificent vessel from Birkenbraes, which he admired and despised. "Those Glasgow persons," said Hamish, "not to be disrespectful, they will just be made of money; but Miss Oona she'll be as well content with no cushions at all. And if they'll be making her laugh that's a good thing," Hamish said.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE first to see the subject of so many thoughts was not any one of those to whom his return was of so much importance. Save for the fact that old Symington, who in the meantime had taken entire control of her house, and direction of everything in it, had announced to her one day the necessity he was under of leaving her

for a short time to attend upon my lord, Mrs. Methven was entirely ignorant of her son's whereabouts. And Symington, whom she of course closely interrogated on the subject, did not profess to have had any communication from his master. "But my lord will have notice," said Symington, "and I make no doubt of finding him there."

Neither was it at Kinloch Houran that Walter first appeared. On a cold October evening, in one of the early frosts from which everybody augurs a severe winter, and in the early twilight which makes people exclaim how short the days are getting, he knocked suddenly at the door of Mr. Milnathort's house in Edinburgh. Being dark everywhere else, it was darker still in the severe and classic coldness of Moray Place. The great houses gathered round, drawing, one might have thought, a closer and closer circle; the shrubs in the inclosure shivered before the breeze. Up the hill from the Firth came the north-east wind, cutting like a scythe. It was a night when even a lighted window gives a certain comfort to the wayfarer; but the Edinburgh magnates had scarcely yet returned from the country, and most of the houses were dark, swathed in brown paper and cobwebs. But winter or summer made but little difference to the house of Mr. Milnathort, and there a certain light of human welcome was almost always to be found. Lord Erradeen came quickly along the Edinburgh streets, which are grim in the teeth of a north-easter. His frame was unstrung and his spirit unsatisfied as of old. He had been "abroad"—that is to say, he had been hurrying from one place to another in search of the unattainable one which should not be dull. Most places were dull; there was nothing to do in them. He took in at a draught the capabilities of folly that were there, then passed on in the vain quest. Had he been wholly ignoble he would have been more easily satisfied. But he was not so.

In the worst he seemed to want something worse, as in the best he wanted something better. He was all astray upon the world, desiring he did not know what, only aware that nothing was sufficient for his desires. Underwood, who was his companion, had catered vulgarly for the unhappy young man, who used with scorn the means of distraction provided him, and was not distracted, and upon whom disgust so soon followed novelty that his companion was at his wits' end. And now he had come back, obeying an impulse which he neither understood nor wished to obey. A necessity seemed laid upon him; all in a moment it had risen up in his mind, a sense that he must get back. It was so involuntary, so spontaneous, that it did not even occur to him at first to resist it, or to think of it as anything but a natural impulse. He had not been able to rest after this strange inclination came upon him, and it seemed to him in the heat of it that he had always had the same desire, that all the time this was what he had wanted, to get back. He hurried along over land and water, sometimes in the stream of summer tourists coming home, sometimes crossing the other tide of the sick and feeble going away—and when he touched English soil again, that he should have hurried to Edinburgh, of all the places in the world, was beyond Walter's power of explanation even to himself. He had felt a barrier between himself and the home of his youth. His mother was separated altogether from his new existence. She would not comprehend it, he thought; his heart turned from the explanations that would be necessary. He could not go to her; and to whom could he go? The suggestion that came into his mind was as fantastical as the whole strange story of his recent life. He was nothing indeed but a bundle of caprices, moved and played upon as if by the winds. And it had seemed a sort of relief to his uncertain mind and consuming thoughts when it occurred to him to

come to Moray Place to see the invalid who had known so much about him, while he knew nothing of her. It relieved him, as any resolution relieves an uncertain mind. It was something between him and that future which always failed to his expectations. When he had made up his mind he reflected no more, but went on, and even had an uneasy nap in the railway carriage as he came north; nor ever asked himself why he was coming till he went up the steps at Mr. Milnathort's door, and then it was too late for any such question. He mounted the long stone staircase with all the throbbings of fatigue in his brain, the sweep and movement of a long journey. Only once before had he been in this house, yet it seemed familiar to him as if it had been his home, and the unchanged aspect of everything affected him as it affects men who have been away for half a life-time—so many things happening to him, and nothing here. This gave him a certain giddiness as he followed the same servant up the same stairs. He was not the same. He had been unconscious of all the peculiarities of his fate when he crossed that threshold before. He had known the good, but not the evil; and now the very carpets, the sound of the door rumbling into the echoes of the tall, silent house, were the same—but he so far from being the same! Then in a moment out of the dim night, the half-lighted stair, he came upon the soft blaze of light in which Miss Milnathort delighted. She lay on her sofa as if she had never stirred, her old-young face in all its soft brightness, her small delicate hands in continual motion. She gave a little cry at the sight of Walter, and held out those hands to him.

"You have come!" she cried. "I was looking for you;" raising herself on her couch as much as was possible to her, as if she would have thrown herself into his arms. When she felt the pressure of his hands, tears sprang to her eyes. "I knew," she cried,

"that you would come. I have been looking for you, and praying for you, Lord Erradeen."

"Perhaps," said Walter, moved too, he could scarcely tell why, "that is how I have come."

"Oh, but I am glad, glad to see you," the poor lady said. "You never came back, but I will not reproach you—I am too glad to have you here. And where have you been, and what have you been doing? To see you is like a child coming home."

"I have been in many different places, and uneasy in all," said Walter; "and as for what I have been doing it has not been much good: wandering about the face of the earth, seeking I don't know what; not knowing, I think, even what I want."

She held out her hand to him again: her eyes were full of pity and tenderness.

"Oh how I wanted you to come back that I might have spoken freely to you! I will tell you what you want, Lord Erradeen."

"Stop a little," he said, "I don't want to plunge into that. Let us wait a little. I think I am pleased to come back, though I hate it. I am pleased always more or less to do what I did not do yesterday."

"That is because your mind is out of order, which is very natural," she said. "How should it be in order with so much to think of? You will have been travelling night and day?"

"Rather quickly; but that matters nothing; it is easy enough travelling. I am not so effeminate as to mind being tired; though as a matter of fact I am not tired," he said. "So far as that goes, I could go on night and day."

She looked at him with that mingling of pleasure and pain with which a mother listens to the confidences of her child.

"Have you been home to see your mother?" she asked.

Walter shook his head.

"I have had no thought but how to get to Scotland the quickest way. I have

felt as if something were dragging me. What is it? All this year I have been struggling with something. I have sometimes thought if I had come back here you could have helped me."

"I would—I would! if I could," she cried.

"It is not a thing that can be endured," said Walter; "it must come to an end. I don't know how or by what means; but one thing is certain, I will not go on bearing it. I will rather make an end of myself."

She put a hand quickly upon his arm.

"Oh do not say that; there is much, much that must be done before you can despair: and *that* is the thought of despair. Some have done it, but you must not. No—not you—not you."

"What must I do then?"

She caressed his arm with her thin, little, half-transparent hand, and looked at him wistfully with her small face, half child half old woman, suffused and tremulous.

"Oh!" she said, "my bonnie lad! you must be good—you must be good first of all."

Walter laughed; he drew himself back a little out of her reach.

"I am not good," he said. "I have never been good. Often enough I have been disgusted with myself, and miserable by moments. But if that is the first thing, I do not know how to attain to it, for I am not good."

She looked at him without any change in her face while he made this confession. It did not seem to make much impression upon her.

"I can tell you," she said, "how to overcome the devil and all his ways; but it costs trouble, Lord Erradeen. Without that you will always be as you are, full of troubles and struggles: but you should thank your God that you cannot be content with ill-doing like those that are the children of perdition. To be content with it—that is the worst of all."

"Well, then, I am in a hopeful way, it appears," said Walter with a sort of laugh, "for I am certainly far enough

from being content." After a minute's pause he added—"I said we should not plunge into this subject at once; tell me about yourself. Are you well? Are you better?"

"I am well enough," she said, "but never will I be better. I have known that for many years—almost from the moment when, to get away from *him*, I fell off yon old walls, and became what you see."

"To get away from—whom?" He glanced round him as she spoke with a look which was half alarmed and half defiant. "I know," he said, in a low voice, "what delusions are about."

"From Him. What he is, or who he is, I know no more than you. I have thought like you that it was my own delusion. I have wondered from year to year if maybe I had deceived myself. But the upshot of all is what I tell you. I am lying here these thirty years and more, because, being very young I had no command of myself, but was frightened and flew from Him."

"It is against all possibility, all good sense, against everything one believes. I will not believe it," cried Walter; "you were young, as you say, and frightened. And I was—a fool—unprepared, not knowing what to think."

Miss Milnathort shook her head. She made no further reply; and there was a little interval of silence which Walter made no attempt to break. What could he say? It was impossible, and yet he had no real scepticism to oppose to this strange story. In words, in mind, he could not allow that either of them were more than deceived, but in himself he had no doubt on the subject. His intelligence was easily convinced indeed that to attribute the events that happened to him to supernatural influence was in contradiction to everything he had ever been taught, and that it was superstition alone which could invest the mysterious inhabitant of Kinloch Houran with power to act upon his mind across great seas and continents,

or to set any occult forces to work for that purpose. Superstition beyond all excuse; and yet he was as thoroughly convinced of it in the depths of his being as he was defiant on the surface. There was perfect silence in the room where these two sat together with a sense of fellowship and sympathy. As for Lord Erradeen, he had no inclination to say anything more. It was impossible, incredible, contrary to everything he believed: and yet it was true: and he did not feel the contradiction was anything extraordinary, anything to be protested against in this curious calm of exhaustion in which he was. While he sat thus quite silent Miss Milnathort began to speak.

"Thirty years ago," she said, "there was a young Lord Erradeen that was something like yourself. He was a distant cousin once, that never thought to come to the title. He was betrothed when he was poor to a young girl of his own condition in life. When he became Lord Erradeen he was bidden to give her up, and he refused. Oh, if he had lived he would have broken the spell! He would not give up his love. I will not say that he was not terribly beaten down and broken with what he heard and saw, and what he had to bear; but he never said a word to me of what was the chief cause. When the summons came he got us all to go to see the old castle, and perhaps, with a little bravado, to prove that he would never, never yield. How it was that I was left alone I can never remember, for my head was battered and stupid, and it was long, long, before I got the command of my senses again. It was most likely when Walter (he was Walter too; it is the great Methven name) was attending to the others, my brother and my mother, who was living then. I was a romantic bit girlie, and fond of beautiful views and all such things. When I was standing upon the old wall, there suddenly came forward to speak to me a grand gentleman. I thought I had never seen such a one

before. You have seen him and you know; often and often have I thought I have seen him since. And it may be that I have," she said pausing suddenly. It was perhaps the interruption in the soft flowing of her voice that startled Walter. He made a sudden movement in his chair, and looked round him as if he too felt another spectator standing by.

"I am not frightened now," said the invalid with her calm little voice, "lying here so long putting things together I am frightened no more. Sometimes I am sorry for him, and think that it is not all ill that is in that burdened spirit. I have taken it upon me even," she said, folding her little, worn hands, "to say a word about him now and then when I say my prayers. I never thought at that time that he was anything more than the grandest gentlemen I ever saw. He began to speak to me about my engagement, and if I thought of the harm I was doing Walter, and that it was his duty to think of the family above all. It was like death to hear it, but I had a great deal of spirit in those days, and I argued with him. I said it was better for the family that he should marry me, than marry nobody—and that I had no right to take my troth from him. Then he began to argue too. He said that to sacrifice was always best, that I could not love him if I would not give up everything for him. It might have been Scripture. What could I answer to that? I was just dazed by it, and stood and looked in his face: he looked like a prophet of God, and he said I should give up my love, if I knew what true love was. I have little doubt I would have done it, after that; but just then my Walter's voice sounded up from where he was, calling out to me. 'Where are you, where are you? nothing can be done without you,' he cried. Oh, how well I remember the sound of his voice filling all the air! I turned round and I said, 'No, no, how can I break his heart'—when there came an awful

change upon the face you know. His eyes flared like a great light, he made a step forward as if he would have seized me with his hands. And then terror took hold upon me, a kind of horrible panic. They say I must have started back. I mind nothing more for months and months," the soft little voice said.

The young man listened to this strange tragedy with an absorbed and wondering interest; and the sufferer lay smiling at him in a kind of half childlike, half angelic calm. One would have said she had grown no older since that day; and yet had lived for long ages with her little crushed frame and heart. He was overawed by the simplicity of the tale. He said after a pause, "And Walter—how did it end?"

For a moment she did not say anything, but lay smiling, not looking at him. At last she answered softly with a great gravity coming over her face—"Lord Erradeen, after some years and many struggles, married the heiress of the Glen Oriel family, and brought a great deal of property to the house. He was to me like an angel from heaven. And his heart was broken. But how could I help him, lying crushed and broken here? What he did was well. It was not the best he could have done; because you see he could not give his heart's love again, and that is essential; but he did no harm. There was just an ending of it for one generation when I fell over yon wall. And his son died young, without ever coming to the age to bear the brunt, and the late lord, poor man, was just confused from the commencement, and never came to any good."

"What is the best he could have done?"

She turned to him with a little eagerness. "I have no instruction," she said, "I have only the sense that comes with much thinking and putting things together, if it is sense. I have lain here and thought it over for years and years, both in the night when

everybody was sleeping, and in the day when they were all thinking of their own concerns. I think one man alone will never overcome that man we know. He is too much for you. If I have gleaned a little in my weakness, think what he must have found out in all these years. But I think if there were two, that were but one—two that had their hearts set upon what was good only, and would not listen to the evil part—I think before them he would lose his strength; he could do no more. But oh, how hard to be like that and to find the other. I am afraid you are far, far from it, Lord Erradeen."

"Call me Walter—like my predecessor," he said.

"You are not like him. He was never soiled with the world. His mind was turned to everything that was good. And me, though I was but a small thing, I had it in me to stand by him. Two souls that are one! I am thinking—and I have had a long, long time to think in—that this is what is wanted to free the race from that bondage."

"Do you mean—that there has never been such a pair to do what you say?"

"Perhaps it is that there never has been a cripple creature like me," she said with a smile, "to find it out. And at the best it is just a guess of mine. I have thought of everything else, but I can find nothing that will do. If you will think, however," said Miss Milnathort, "you will find it no such a light thing. Two of one mind—and that one mind set intent upon good, not evil. They will have to know. They will have to understand. The woman might miss it for want of knowing. She would have to be instructed in the whole mystery, and set her mind to it as well as the man. Do you think that is too easy? No, oh no, it is not so very easy, Lord Erradeen."

"It would be impossible to me," said Walter with keen emotion, "my mind is not intent upon good.

What I am intent on is—I don't know that there is anything I am intent on: except to pass the time and have my own way."

Miss Milnathort looked at him with the seriousness which changed the character of her face. "He that says that," she said, "is near mending it, Lord Erradeen."

"Do you think so?" he cried with a harsh little laugh, "then I have something to teach you still, ignorant as I am. To know you are wrong, alas! is not the same as being on the way to mend it. I have known that of myself for years, but I have never changed. If I have to decide a hundred times I will do just the same, take what I like best."

She looked at him wonderingly, folding her hands.

"I think you must be doing yourself injustice," she said.

"It is you that do human nature more than justice," said Walter; "you judge by what you know, by yourself, who like what is good best; but I—don't do so. It is true—to know what is good does not make one like it, as you think. It is not a mistake of judgment, it is a mistake of the heart."

"Oh, my dear," said the poor lady, "you must be wronging yourself; your heart is tender and good, your eyes filled when I was telling you. I have seen that when there was any talk of fine and generous things, your eyes have filled and your countenance changed. You have forgotten by times, and been turned away from the right way; but you will not tell me that, looking it in the face, you prefer what is wrong. Oh no, Lord Erradeen, no, no."

"Perhaps," he said, "I never look anything in the face; that may be the reason or part of the reason; but the fact is that I do not prefer good because it is good. Oh no, I cannot deceive you. To be fully convinced that one is wrong is very little argument against one's habits, and the life that one likes. It does not seem worth while to test small matters by such a

big standard, and, indeed, one does not test them at all, but does—what happens to come in one's way at the moment."

A shade of trouble came over the soft little face. She looked up wondering and disturbed at the young man who sat smiling upon her, with a smile that was half scorn, half sympathy. The scorn, perhaps, was for himself; he made no pretence to himself of meaning better, or wishing to do better than his performance. And Miss Milnathort's distress was great.

"I thought," she said, faltering, "that the truth had but to be seen, how good it is, and every heart would own it. Oh, my young lord, you have no call to be like one of the careless that never think at all. You are forced to think: and when you see that your weirdless way leads to nothing but subjection and bondage, and that the good is your salvation, as well for this world as the world to come——"

"Does not every man know that?" cried Walter. "Is it not instinctive in us to know that if we behave badly, the consequences will be bad one way or another? There is scarcely a fool in the world that does not know that—but what difference does it make? You must find some stronger argument. That is your innocence," he said, smiling at her.

At that moment the young man, with his experiences which were of a nature so different from hers, felt himself far more mature and learned in human nature than she; and she, who knew at once so much and so little, was abashed by this strange lesson. She looked at him with a deprecating anxious look, not knowing what to say.

"If the victory is to be by means of two whose heart is set on good, it will never be," said Walter with a sigh, "in my time. I will struggle and yield, and yield and struggle again, like those that have gone before me, and then, like them, pass away, and leave it to somebody else who will be hunted out from the corners of the earth as I

was. And so, for all I can tell, it will go on for ever."

Here he made a pause, and another tide of feeling stole over him. "If I were a better man," he said with a changed look, "I think I know where—the other—might be found."

Miss Milnathort's soft, aged, childish countenance cleared, the wistful look vanished from her eyes, her smile came back. She raised herself up among her pillows as if she would have sat upright.

"Oh, my young lord! and does she love you like that?" she cried.

Walter felt the blood rush to his face; he put up his hands as if to stop the injurious thought. "Love me!" he cried.

To do him justice, the idea was altogether new to him. He had thought of Oona often, and wondered what was the meaning of that softness in her eyes as she looked after him; but his thoughts had never ventured so far as this. He grew red, and then he grew pale.

"It is a profanity," he said. "How could she think of me at all? I was a stranger, and she was sorry for me. She gave me her hand, and strength came out of it. But if such a woman as that—stood by a true man—Pah! I am not a true man; I am a wretched duffer, and good for nothing. And Oona thinks as much of me, as little of me as—as little as—she thinks of any pitiful, unworthy thing."

He got up from his chair as he spoke, and began to pace about the room in an agitation which made his blood swell in his veins. He was already in so excitable a state that this new touch seemed to spread a sort of conflagration everywhere; his imagination, his heart, all the wishes and hopes—that "indistinguishable throng" that lie dormant so often, waiting a chance touch to bring them to life—all blazed into consciousness in a moment. He who had flirted to desperation with Julia Herbert, who had been on the point of asking Katie Williamson to

marry, was it possible all the time that Oona, and she only, had been the one woman in the world for him? He remembered how she had come before his thoughts at those moments when he had almost abandoned himself to the current which was carrying his heedless steps away. When he had thought of her standing upon the bank on her isle, looking after him with indefinable mystery and wistful softness in her eyes, all the other objects of his various pursuits had filled him with disgust. He said to himself, in the excitement of the moment, that it was this which had again and again stopped him and made his pleasures, his follies, revolting to him. This was the origin of his restlessness, his sometimes savage temper, his fierce impatience with himself and everybody around him. In fact, this was far from the reality of the case; but in the flood of new sensation that poured over him, it bore a flattering resemblance to truth, which dignified the caprice of his existence, and made him feel himself better than he had thought. If love had, indeed, done all this for him, struggling against every vulgar influence, must it not, then, be capable of much more—indeed, of all?

Meanwhile Miss Milnathort lay back upon her pillows, excited, yet pleased and soothed, and believing too that here was all she had wished for, the true love and the helping woman who might yet save Erradeen.

"Oona!" she said to herself, "it's a well-omened name."

This strange scene of sentiment, rising into passion, was changed by the sudden entry of Mr. Milnathort, whose brow was by no means so cloudless or his heart so soft as his sister's. He came in, severe in the consciousness of business neglected, and all the affairs of life arrested by the boyish folly, idleness, and perhaps vice of this young man, with endless arrears of censure to bestow upon him, and of demands to place before him.

"I am glad to see you, my Lord Erradeen," he said briefly. "I have

bidden them put forward the dinner, that we may have a long evening; and your things are in your room, and your man waiting. Alison, you forget when you keep Lord Erradeen talking that he has come off a journey and must be tired."

Walter had not intended to spend the night in Moray Place, and indeed had given orders to his servant to take rooms in one of the hotels, and convey his luggage thither; but he forgot all this now, and took his way instinctively up another flight of those tall stairs to the room which he had occupied before. It brought him to himself, however, with the most curious shock of surprise and consternation, when he recognised not the servant whom he had brought with him, but old Symington, as precise and serious as ever, and looking as if there had been no break in his punctilious service. He was arranging his master's clothes just as he had done on the winter evening when Lord Erradeen had first been taken possession of by this zealous retainer of the family. Walter was so startled, bewildered, and almost overawed by this sudden apparition, that he said with a gasp—

"You here, Symington!" and made no further objection to his presence.

"It is just me, my lord," Symington said. "I was waiting at the station, though your lordship might not observe me. I just went with your lad to the hotel, and put him in good hands."

"And may I ask why you did that without consulting me; and what you are doing here?" Walter cried, with a gleam of rising spirit.

Symington looked at him with a sort of respectful contempt.

"And does your lordship think," he said, "that it would be befitting to take a young lad, ignorant of the family, *up yonder*?" With a slight pause of indignant, yet gentle reproach after these words, he added—

"Will your lordship wear a white tie or a black?" with all the gravity that became the question.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THERE is in the winter season, when the stream of tourists is cut off, a sort of family and friendly character about the Highland railways. The travellers in most cases know each other by sight, if no more; and consult over a new comer with the curiosity of a homely community, amid which a new figure passing in the street excites sentiments of wonder and interest as a novelty. "Who do you suppose that will be at this time of the year?" they say; and the little country stations are full of greetings, and everybody is welcomed who comes, and attended by kindly farewells who goes away. There was no doubt this time as to who Lord Erradeen was as he approached the termination of his journey; and when he had reached the neighbourhood of the loch, a bustle of guards and porters—that is to say, of the one guard belonging to the train, and the one porter belonging to the station, familiarly known by name to all the passengers—ushered up to the carriage in which he was seated the beaming presence of Mr. Williamson.

"So here ye are," said the millionaire. "Lord Erradeen! I told Tammas he must be making a mistake."

"Na, na, I was making no mistake," said Tammas, in a parenthesis.

"And what have ye been making of yourself all this time?" Mr. Williamson went on. "We have often talked of ye, and wondered if we would see ye again. That was a very sudden parting that we took in London; but Katie is just a wilful monkey, and does what she pleases; but she will be well pleased, and so will I, to see you at Birkenbraes." And the good man took his place beside the new comer, and talked to him with the greatest cordiality during the rest of the journey.

Thus Walter was received on his second arrival with the friendly familiarity natural to the country side.

There seemed to him something significant even in the change of association with which his visit began. He had to promise to present himself at once at Birkenbraes, and the very promise seemed to revive the feelings and purposes which had been growing in his mind during that interval of social success in London which, on the whole, had been the most comfortable period of his life since he came to his fortune. His mind was occupied by this as he was rowed once more round the half ruined pile of Kinloch Houran to his renewed trial. The afternoon was bright and clear, one of those brilliant October days that add a glory of colour to the departing summer; the water reflected every tint of the ruddy woods, thrown up and intensified everywhere by the dark background of the firs. He thought of the encounter before him with a fierce repugnance and indignation, rebellious but impotent; but there were no longer in it those elements of apprehension and mystery which had occupied all his being when he came here for the first time; and the other circumstances of his life had room to come in with even a certain seductive force in the midst of his excitement. Something swept the current of his thoughts towards Katie, with a secret impulse, as the water of the loch was swept by some force unseen into the current which the boatmen avoided with such care. Walter did not avoid the spiritual stream; he allowed himself to be carried away upon it, with a grateful sense of reconciliation to fate. Katie would smooth away his difficulties, though not in the way Miss Milnathort suggested. She would bring him peace at least for the moment. He had proved himself very little able to contend with the influence which swayed his race; all that he had done hitherto had been to run away from it, to make what endeavour he could to forget it, to avoid the tyranny that overshadowed him by abandoning all his duties. But this was not a thing which he could do

for ever. And the moment had come when some other course must be decided upon.

This time it was clear he must make up his mind either to conquer the mysterious power which he could no longer ignore—or persuade himself to consider it a delusion—or to yield to it altogether. He had listened to Miss Milnathort's suggestion with a momentary elevation of mind and hope; but what was he, a "miserable duffer" as he had truly called himself, to make such an effort? A heart set for good and not evil: he laughed to himself with contemptuous bitterness, when he thought how far this description was from anything he knew of himself. Thus it was from the outset impossible that the redemption of his race could be carried out by him. The only alternative then was to yield. Was it the only alternative? To conduct his own affairs only as the tool and instrument of another, to sacrifice affection, justice, pity, every generous feeling to the aggrandisement of his family—Walter's heart rose up within him in violent refusal and defiance. And then he thought of Katie Williamson. The storms in his bosom had been quieted from the moment when he had come into contact with her. The evil circumstances around him had changed; even now a lull came over his mind at the thought of her. It was not the highest or the best course of action. At the utmost it would only be to leave once more to those who should come after him the solution of the problem; but what had he to do with those that came after him, he asked himself bitterly? In all probability it would be a stranger, a distant cousin, some one unknown to him as he had been to his predecessor; and in the meantime he would have peace. As he thought of it, it seemed to him that there was something significant even in that meeting with Mr. Williamson. When he came to the loch for the first time, with high hopes and purposes in his mind, meaning to

leave all the frivolities of life behind him and address himself nobly to the duties of his new and noble position, it was Oona Forrester whom he had encountered unawares on the threshold of fate. All the circumstances of his intercourse with her flashed through his mind; the strange scene on the isle in which her touch, her presence, her moral support, had saved him from he knew not what, from a final encounter in which, alone, he must have been overthrown. Had he not been a coward then and fled, had he remained and, with that soft strong hand in his, defied all that the powers of darkness could do, how different might have been his position now! But he had not chosen that better part. He had escaped and postponed the struggle. He had allowed all better thoughts and purposes to slip from him into the chaos of a disordered life. And now that he was forced back again to encounter once more this tyranny from which he had fled, it was no longer Oona that met him. Who was he to expect that Oona would meet him, that the angels would come again to his succour? He could not now make that sudden unhesitating appeal to her which he had made in his first need, and to which she had so bravely replied. Everything was different; he had forfeited the position on which he could confront his tyrant. But a compromise was very possible, and peace, and a staying off of trouble, was in Katie Williamson's hand.

It is needless to enter into all the sensations and thoughts with which the young man took possession again of the rooms in which he had spent the most extraordinary crisis of his life. It was still daylight when he reached Kinloch Houran, and the first thing he did was to make a stealthy and cautious examination of his sitting-room, looking into every crevice in an accidental sort of way, concealing even from himself the scrutiny in which he was engaged. Could he have found any trace of

the sliding panel or secret entrance so dear to romance, it would have consoled him; but one side of the room was the outer wall, another was the modern partition which separated it from his bedroom, and of the others one was filled up with the bookshelves which he had been examining when his visitor entered on the previous occasion, while the fourth was the wall of the corridor which led into the ruinous part of the castle, and had not a possibility of any opening in it.

He made these researches by intervals, pretending other motives to himself, but with the strangest sense that he was making himself ridiculous, and exposing himself to contemptuous laughter, though so far as his senses were cognisant there was nobody there either to see or to laugh. The night, however, passed with perfect tranquillity, and in the morning he set out early on his way to Birkenbraes. The morning was grey and cold, the hills shrouded in mist as he rowed himself across to the other side of the loch. There were horses and carriages awaiting him at Auchnasheen, had he cared to take advantage of them; but the house in which he had suffered so much was odious to him, and he preferred to walk. To an excited and disturbed mind there is nothing so soothing as bodily exercise. Walter went along very quickly as if trying to keep up with the pace of his thoughts; but there was one spot upon which he came to a sudden pause. The road, as became a Highland road, was full of variety, going up and down, now penetrating through clumps of wood, now emerging into full view of the surrounding landscape. He had skirted the "policies" of Auchnasheen, behind which the high road lay, and climbed the rising ground beyond, when suddenly the path came out

once more on the side of the loch, and he saw, rising out of the gleaming water below, the feathery crest of the Isle with the roofs of the lonely house showing through the branches. Walter stopped with a sudden pang of mingled delight and pain; he stood as if he had been rooted to the ground. There it lay on the surface of the loch, dimly reflected, overhung by low skies, hanging in grey suspense between the dull heaven and dark water. There was no wind to ruffle the trees, or shake off the autumn leaves which made a sort of protest in their brilliant colours against the half tones of the scene. A line of blue smoke rose into the still air, the solitary sign of life, unless indeed that gleam of red on the rocks was the shirt of Hamish, fishing as he had been a year ago when first Lord Erradeen set foot upon that hospitable spot. After a while he thought even he could see a figure before the door looking up the loch towards Kinloch Houran. The young man for the moment was transported out of himself. "Oona!" he cried, stretching out his hands to the vacant air which neither heard nor replied. His heart went out of his bosom towards that house in which he had been sheltered in his direst need. Tears gathered into his eyes as he stood and gazed. There was salvation; there was love, and hope, and deliverance—Two, that should be one. He seemed to feel once more in his own the touch of that pure and soft hand "as soft as snow," the touch which gave to him the strength of two souls, and one so spotless, so strong, and simple, and true. He stood holding out his hands in an instinctive appeal to her who neither saw nor knew. For a moment his life once more hung in the balance. Then with a stamp of his foot, and a sense of impatience and humiliation indescribable in words he turned and pursued his way.

(To be continued.)

STATE SOCIALISM AND THE NATIONALISATION OF THE LAND.¹

It has been pointed out that the most characteristic feature in the socialism of the present day is the reliance which it places on the intervention of the state. The most distinguished advocate of this new form of socialism was probably Lassalle; between him and the late Herr Schulze-Delitzsch there was for many years in Germany a keen and active contest. They respectively became the founders of two rival schools of social and industrial reformers, and there was in almost every respect the widest divergence in the ideas propounded by each of these schools. Herr Schulze-Delitzsch gave a most important stimulus to the co-operative movement; and the guiding principle which influenced him was that the people were to rely for their improvement upon self-help. Lassalle, on the other hand, thought that what the people chiefly needed was a greater amount of aid from the state. The movement which he set on foot became embodied in the society known as the International. The International put forward various proposals, nearly all of which involve state intervention. The agency however on which the internationalists, and the socialists generally of the present day, place by far the greatest reliance is the scheme which is known as the nationalisation of the land and the other instruments of production. As this plan of nationalisation may be regarded as the most important development of state socialism, it will be desirable to consider it before describing other socialistic schemes the adoption of which

would involve pecuniary aid from the state. The subject of nationalisation of the land has moreover lately attracted special attention in consequence of two books which have been recently published on the subject, the one by Mr. Wallace, the well known naturalist, the other by Mr. Henry George.² It has rarely happened that a book dealing with social and economic questions has been more widely read than Mr. George's work. It therefore becomes the more important carefully to examine the proposals there advocated. Although Mr. George writes in a style which is often particularly attractive, yet we have frequently found it extremely difficult to arrive at the exact character of his proposals. There seems however little room for doubt that if his scheme were carried out the existing owners of land would obtain no compensation at all, or would receive as compensation an amount which would be only equivalent to a small proportion of the present selling value of their property. Nothing, in our opinion, can be more unjust than for the state to take possession of land without paying the full market price to its owners. It is sometimes urged in defence of such a course that the land originally belonged to the people, and that the state had no right to alienate national property in order to enrich a few favoured individuals. But the question as to whether or not it was expedient to have completely relinquished the rights which the state, as representing the nation, originally possessed in the land, appears to us to have no bearing upon the question of appropriating land at

¹ In preparing the forthcoming edition of my *Manual of Political Economy*, I found it necessary to devote a separate chapter to State Socialism and the Nationalisation of the Land. This chapter is reproduced in the present article.

H. F.

² *Land Nationalisation, its Necessity and its Aims*, by Alfred Russel Wallace. *Progress and Poverty*, by Henry George.

the present time without giving adequate compensation to existing owners. Land has changed hands an indefinite number of times since the principle of private property in land was first recognised: and it would consequently be most indefensible if the state were to take possession, either in whole or in part, of the land of the country. In describing the injustice and inexpediency of the suggested schemes of land nationalisation, it must not be supposed that it would be desirable for the state to surrender its proprietary rights in the land in those countries where it still possesses them. In India, for example, almost the whole of the land is owned by the state; the cultivator, instead of paying rent to a private landowner, pays it to the state in the form of a land-tax; the land revenue which is thus yielded amounts to about 22,000,000*l.* a year, and represents a sum nearly equivalent to what is raised by all the imperial taxes that are imposed in India. As evidence of the fact that the cultivators would not be necessarily better off if the state had relinquished its proprietary rights in the land, it may be mentioned that by the celebrated permanent settlement of Lord Cornwallis in 1793, over a considerable portion of Bengal, the proprietary rights were transferred to the tax-collectors or zemindars for a fixed annual payment. The result has been that with the increase in wealth and population, the cultivators in the permanently settled districts pay, in the form of rent to the zemindars, three or four times as much as the zemindars pay to the government. A large amount of revenue has consequently been sacrificed for the benefit of a special class, whilst the cultivators' position has been in no way improved; but on the contrary, the injury which has been inflicted on them may in some degree be measured by the amount of the additional taxation which they have to bear in consequence of a large amount of revenue having been needlessly sacrificed. If

the permanent settlement in Bengal had never been effected, the additional revenue which would now be obtained from the land would be sufficient to enable the government to repeal so burdensome an impost as the duty on salt.

The extent to which it is expedient for a government to dispose of its proprietary rights in the land suggests considerations of the utmost importance for many recently settled countries, such for instance as Australia. In that country vast tracts of land have been sold by the government, and when the amount received is used as ordinary revenue the inquiry is at once suggested whether it can be wise to adopt an arrangement which virtually allows capital to be devoted to income. We cannot help thinking that it is unadvisable for a state thus completely to divest itself of the proprietary rights it possesses in the land. Although we believe that too much importance can scarcely be attributed to the economic advantages which result from associating the ownership with the cultivation of the land, yet the industrial stimulus which is given by the feeling of ownership would, we think, still continue in active operation if in such a country as Australia the government, instead of completely relinquishing its rights in the soil, retained some share of the property in the form of a land-tax which, instead of being commuted as it has been in our own country for a fixed money payment, should be equal to some small proportion of the annual value of the land. If, for instance, in Australia the land had been sold with the condition that one-tenth or even one-twentieth of its annual value should be paid in the form of a land-tax, no discouragement would have been offered to enterprise, and the revenue which might be yielded as the country advanced in population and wealth would be a valuable national resource, which might be utilised in rendering unnecessary the imposition of many taxes

which will otherwise have to be imposed.

It has been thought necessary to make these remarks in order to bring out with distinctness the very different issues which are involved in surrendering proprietary rights which are still possessed by the state, or in resuming possession of those rights when, as in England, they have been long since surrendered. In considering the proposals which are now being brought forward for nationalising the land of England, it will be desirable, in the first place, to endeavour to describe some of the consequences which would result if no compensation, or inadequate compensation, were given to existing owners; and we shall then proceed to discuss the subject on the supposition that full compensation is given, the land being bought by the state at its present market value. As a result of careful inquiry, we have come to the conclusion that until the appearance of Mr. George's book almost every one in England who advocated nationalisation, even including the members of such a society as the International, never entertained the idea that the land should be taken without full compensation. In England perhaps, more than in most countries, a respect for the rights of property is widely diffused, and the fact has certainly not been lost sight of by many of the working classes, that if the policy of taking land without compensation were once embarked upon, it is not only the property of the wealthy owner which would be confiscated; the small proprietor who by years of careful thrift and patient toil had acquired a plot of land—he too would be engulfed in this whirlpool of spoliation. It would be impossible to say where this wholesale appropriation would stop. The large landowner and the peasant proprietor would not be its only victims. If the state were to take without compensation all the land of the country, the workman who through the agency of a building society is now able to call

his house his own, would find himself dispossessed of the land on which it stands. If the nationalisation of the land without compensation is thus flagrantly unjust, it can, we think, be shown that nationalisation with compensation, though not so unjust, would prove incalculably mischievous in its consequences. In the opinion of a well-known statistician, Mr. Robert Giffen, the annual rent of the agricultural land in this country is about 66,000,000*l*. Take this at thirty years' purchase; and the amount of compensation required for the agricultural land alone would be 2,000,000,000*l*., or nearly three times the amount of the national debt. And when the state had become the possessor of all the land, what is going to be done with it? What principles are to regulate the rents to be charged? Who is to decide the particular plots of land that should be allotted to those who apply for them? If the rent charged is to be determined by the competition of the open market, in what respect would a cultivator be better off if he paid a competition rent to the state instead of to a private individual? And if the market price is not to be charged, who is to bear the loss? From what fund is the deficiency to be made good? There is only one answer to this question; it must be made good from the general taxation of the country; and increased taxation means still more taken from the hard-won wages of the people.

But the subject may further very properly be looked at from another point of view. If the government owned the land, and once began letting it on any other terms than those which regulate the transactions of ordinary commercial life, there would be opened indefinite opportunities for state patronage and favouritism, and the demoralising corruption that would ensue would be more far-reaching and more baneful in its consequences than even the pecuniary loss which the scheme would involve. If land was to be allotted as a matter of patron-

age, who would have the fertile plots and who would be relegated to those barren soils, which, under the most favourable conditions, will scarcely pay for cultivation? It would therefore appear that the nationalisation of the land would inevitably lead to this dilemma: if the land were let at less than its market price, not only would there be an unlimited field for state patronage, with all its attendant corruption and demoralisation, but the difference between the amount at which the land would be let, and its letting value, if a competition rent were charged, would involve an enormous annual deficit that would have to be made good at the expense of the general body of the taxpayers of the country.

It is further to be remarked that this deficit would by no means represent the whole loss that would be involved; because it cannot be doubted that the raising of so large a loan as 2,000,000,000*l.* which, as has been stated, is the estimated value of the agricultural land, would considerably affect the credit of the state. The government would have to borrow upon less favourable terms; and the more unfavourable were the terms, the greater would be the difference between the amount yielded by the land and the annual interest on the loan; consequently the greater would be the loss which the community would have to bear. If in order to escape from this loss, and to provide a remedy against the difficulty of distributing the land among the various applicants, it should be decided, instead of letting the land at what is termed a fair price, to offer it to be competed for in the open market, the rents that would then be paid would be rack-rents; and in what better position would the cultivators be if instead of paying a rack-rent to a private individual they paid at least as high a rent to the state? Instead of the position of the cultivator being improved, he would, in numerous instances, be far worse off than he was

before. A private owner can take account of many circumstances which it would be scarcely possible for the state to regard. It not unfrequently happens, for instance, under the present system, that the claims of an old tenant for consideration are not ignored, and there are many land-owners who would not think of displacing an old tenant, although it may very likely happen that if the land were put into the market a somewhat higher rent might be obtained. It cannot, we think, be too strongly insisted upon that, in order to provide a security against favouritism and patronage, the state would have to administer its property according to strictly defined rules. If the state owned the land, rent would have to be levied with just the same rigour as an ordinary tax, and thus, so far as the cultivators are concerned, the result of nationalisation would be that they would hold the land under a system of the most rigid rack-renting.

It is sometimes contended that if the land were nationalised the disadvantages, to which reference has just been made, would be counterbalanced by the introduction of an improved system of land tenure. Thus, it is said, if the cultivator rented directly from the state he would be protected against capricious eviction, and would be secured adequate compensation for any improvements that might be effected in the land through his capital and skill. Nothing is farther from our intention than in any way to underrate the importance of the cultivator enjoying these advantages; but it has been shown by the Irish Land Act of 1881, and by the Tenants' Compensation Bill for England and Scotland which is now before Parliament, that it is possible to confer these advantages on the cultivators without bringing into operation all the evils which, as we believe, would result from nationalisation. The idea which forms the foundation of all these schemes of nationalisation is that with the advance in the wealth and popu-

lation of the country the value of land constantly increases, and that the portion of the additional value which does not result from an application of capital and labour, but is the consequence of the general progress of the nation, is a property belonging rather to the nation than to the individual, and might therefore be fairly appropriated by the state. Practical effect was sought to be given to this idea in the proposal made by Mr. J. S. Mill not long before his death, that the state should appropriate what he termed the unearned increment in the value of land. But although this proposal with regard to the "unearned increment" of the land, sanctioned by his high authority, is deserving of most careful consideration, it seems to us that it can neither be defended on grounds of justice nor expediency. If the state appropriated this unearned increment, would it not be bound to give compensation if land became depreciated through no fault of its owner, but in consequence of a change in the general circumstances of the country? Although there is perhaps no reason to suppose that the recent depression in agriculture will be permanent, yet it cannot be denied that in many districts of England there has been a marked decline in the selling value of agricultural land within the last few years. If, therefore, the state in prosperous times appropriates an increase in value, and if in adverse times the falling-off in value has to be borne by the owner, land would at once have a disability attached to it which belongs to no other property. If we purchase a house, a manufactory, or a ship, we take the purchase with its risks of loss and chances of gain; and why with regard to land, and to land alone, should a purchaser have all the risks of loss and none of the chances of gain? If thirty years ago 100,000*l.* had been invested in agricultural land, and if at the same time another 100,000*l.* had been invested in such first-class securities as railway, bank-

ing, insurance, water or gas shares, it can scarcely be doubted that if the latter investment had been made with ordinary judgment there would be, at the present time, a very much larger unearned increment of value upon the shares than upon the land. The increase in the value of the shares would have taken place quite independently of any effort or skill on the part of the owner, and therefore, it may be asked, why should this unearned increment remain as private property, if the unearned increment in the value of land is to be appropriated by the state?

We cannot help thinking that such proposals as those we have been considering either to nationalise the land or to appropriate the unearned increment, would take us with regard to land reform exactly in the opposite direction to that in which we ought to move. If we associate with the ownership of land any disability or disadvantage which does not belong to other kinds of property, a direct discouragement is offered to the investment of capital in the improvement of the soil: whereas what above all things should be striven after is to promote the free flow of capital to agriculture. At the present time so great is the accumulation of capital in this country that it flows in a broad and continuous stream towards almost every quarter of the world. This takes place at a time when the productiveness of millions of acres of land in this country might be increased by improved cultivation. As the field for the employment of labour on the land extended, wages would be increased, a stimulus would be given to the general industry of the country, and the extra food which would be yielded would bring additional comfort to every humble home.

It therefore appears to us that the chief end to be sought in the reform of land tenure is to free the land from all restrictions which limit the amount of land that is brought into the market. The existing laws of primogeniture,

settlement and entail, combined with a costly system of conveyancing, impede the transfer of land, and thus lessen the opportunities of associating the ownership with the cultivation of the soil. Such an association would, in our opinion, not only offer the best security for efficient agriculture, but would in various other ways be highly advantageous to the entire community. Some idea may be formed of the advantage which may result from uniting the ownership with the cultivation of the soil, if we consider how little chance there would be of manufacturing industry in our country successfully encountering the close competition with which it has now to contend, if in England manufactories generally had to be rented, whereas in other countries they were owned by the manufacturers. It can be at once seen at what a disadvantage English manufacturers would be placed, if every time they wished to introduce new machinery, or to carry out other improvements, they had to calculate whether or not a portion of the resulting profits would not be taken away from them in the form of increased rent. Legislation may give the tenant an important security for his improvements, but we believe it will be found that in all industry, no legislation can give the same security as that which is obtained when a man feels that he is applying his capital and labour to increase the value of his own property.

The next scheme of State Socialism to which it will be desirable to direct attention is the construction of railways, canals, and other public works from funds supplied by the government. Although a demand has sometimes been put forward that public works should be undertaken at the public expense, yet the system has hitherto in this country only been carried out to a very limited extent. Under certain conditions, government loans are advanced to municipalities and other public bodies. The Public Works' Loan Commissioners, through

whom these loans are made, only make an advance upon adequate security, such as the rates. In India, the government regularly spends large sums of money on public works; but the motive which prompts this expenditure is not to find work for the unemployed, but it is supposed that the mass of the Indian people not having obtained the same social advancement as those by whom they are governed, it is requisite to construct for them railways, canals, roads and other works which would not be carried out through the private enterprise of the people themselves. Although considerations such as these may justify the government extending public works in India, yet experience has shown that even in India the greatest care and watchfulness are required to prevent very serious evils arising. It has often happened that the construction of public works in India has involved the government of that country in very grave financial difficulties. When the return upon the works is not sufficient to pay the interest on the loans raised for their construction, the deficit has to be made good by an increase in general taxation; and in a country such as India, where the mass of the people are extremely poor, and where the resources of taxation are very limited, it is almost impossible to exaggerate the harm that may be done if it becomes necessary to resort to increased taxation.

In France the construction of public works by the government has been undertaken from motives altogether different from those which prevail in India. The primary object in France is to give additional employment to the labouring classes. It cannot be for a moment supposed that any remunerative public work would not be supplied through private enterprise and private capital. In no country, probably, is there a more general diffusion and greater accumulation of wealth than in France, and the enormous sums which are forthcoming whenever a new loan has to be raised

show that it is scarcely possible to place any assignable limits to the amount of capital which the French people are willing to supply whenever they consider that an opportunity is offered of a safe and profitable investment. If therefore any particular public work is not constructed in France through private enterprise, it can be fairly concluded that in the judgment of the French people it does not afford a reasonable prospect of profit. As all experience shows that an industrial work carried out by a government is not likely to lead to greater economy than if it is constructed through private agency, a work which is not carried out by private enterprise because it is unremunerative, will in all probability be still more unremunerative if it is undertaken by the government. We are thus again brought face to face with the same difficulty which had to be met when considering the schemes for the nationalisation of the land, and we have to ask on whom would fall the loss which would result? To such an inquiry only one answer can be given: the state, as we have often had occasion to remark, far from having any great store of wealth from which draughts can be freely made without any one being the poorer, has to obtain every shilling it expends from taxation. It cannot moreover be too constantly borne in mind that all taxation takes from the pockets of the people a great deal more than it yields to the state. It is probably a moderate estimate to assume, when account is taken of the expenses of collection and of the hindrance to trade involved in taxation, that if the carrying out of a public works policy led to a deficit of 5,000,000*l.*, the real loss to the community would not be less than 6,000,000*l.*

There is another consideration which demands most serious attention. The expenditure by the state of large sums upon public works disturbs the natural flow of labour. Great masses of workmen are aggregated in particular

districts, and when expenditure begins to slacken they are naturally eager for fresh employment, and the government, in order to appease political discontent, may not improbably be forced to commit itself to still further outlay. As an instructive warning of the straits to which a government may be forced if it interferes with the natural development of trade, it may be mentioned that in the spring of this year there was much distress amongst the workmen of Paris; many of them had been attracted from the country districts by tempting offers of employment, which were made during the time when public works on a large scale were carried out in Paris. The demand for work became so persistent that it was seriously proposed to order new furniture for all the government offices in Paris, not because it was wanted, but in order that employment might be found for the distressed cabinetmakers. It would be scarcely more unreasonable to engage some one to break all the lamp-posts with the view of giving work to those who would replace them.

Considerations similar to those to which reference has just been made apply to all the schemes that are from time to time brought forward for carrying out various industrial undertakings by state funds instead of by private enterprise. Thus it has often been advocated in the programme of modern socialists that co-operative institutions should be aided by capital advanced by the state. Whilst placing the highest value upon the extension of co-operation, we believe that no more fatal injury could be inflicted upon the movement than that the founders of co-operative institutions should be accustomed to rely, not upon their own efforts, but upon state help. It is particularly worthy of remark that of the many French co-operative institutions which received assistance from the state at the time of the revolution of 1848, not one obtained any permanent success. It is not difficult to explain their failure.

Every trade is certain sometimes to have to contend with the reverses of bad times; the surest way of triumphing over these difficulties is to exercise patience, care, and perseverance; and nothing is so likely to lead to failure if encouragement is given to a relaxation of effort by the feeling that if fresh funds are required recourse can be had to the coffers of the state. If the credit of any commercial undertaking is good, there is no difficulty in its obtaining an advance of capital from bankers and others, whose special business it is to secure a profitable investment for the large sums placed at their disposal. If the state makes loans in cases where they cannot be obtained from ordinary commercial sources, it is clear that, in the judgment of those who are best qualified to form an opinion, the state is running a risk of loss which may necessitate increased taxation.

Although in England very little support has been given to proposals to assist co-operative institutions by state loans, yet within the last few years other schemes, which we believe may produce consequences very similar to those just described, have received much public favour. In Ireland three-fourths of the purchase-money is advanced by the state to enable small farmers to purchase the land they cultivate, and it is evident that an effort will be made to extend the system to England and to Scotland. If the plan is simply considered in its financial aspects, it is at once evident that public funds are used in a manner that may lead to a loss which will have to be borne by the general body of taxpayers. For if the public money which is advanced could be regarded as a safe investment, there would, as previously remarked, be no necessity to have recourse to state assistance. If, moreover, the aid of the state can be evoked to enable small farmers to become the owners of the land they cultivate, it can hardly be doubted that gradually the system of state assistance will have to be extended.

The workmen in the towns would not unnaturally think that they should share the advantages of state help; and they might urge that they should receive some assistance to enable them to become the owners of the houses in which they live. Such demands would be most powerfully stimulated if it became necessary to impose additional taxation in consequence of losses that might accrue on advances made by the state; because a feeling would inevitably arise that if the community were fined for the sake of providing advantages for a special class, these advantages should be shared by all who had to bear the burden. We fear, however, that the financial loss may be by no means the most serious evil resulting from a large extension of the plan of creating small properties in land by means of government loans. It is at any rate deserving of most careful consideration whether similar results will not follow the scheme of creating peasant properties by state help to those which have been produced by the attempt in a similar manner to foster co-operative institutions. If some hundreds of thousands of small farmers were debtors to the state, it might not improbably happen that in a period of agricultural depression they would not encounter their difficulties by increased energy and enterprise, but would be encouraged to seek a remedy in the tortuous courses of political agitation. The state would be represented as a hard taskmaster, mercilessly exacting the uttermost farthing from the suffering and the impoverished, and political support might be given to those who would most deeply pledge themselves to secure a partial remission of the debts that had been incurred.

It seems probable that the scheme of State Socialism which, in England during the next few years, is likely to assume most importance is the erection of improved dwellings for the poor by funds supplied either from imperial or local taxation. It is

almost impossible to overstate the evils which result from the overcrowding of a large portion of the population in wretched and unhealthy dwellings. As recently stated by Mr. Bright in his rectorial address at Glasgow, it appears that even in that wealthy city no less than forty-one out of every hundred families live in a single room, and that beyond these forty-one, thirty-seven families out of every hundred live in two rooms.¹ In view of such a state of things no effort should be spared to bring into operation every agency which is calculated to improve the dwellings of the poor. Admitting that there can be no difference of opinion as to the desirability of the object to be attained, the question is at once suggested whether this object is likely to be promoted by erecting dwellings at the public expense. There is a wide distinction to be drawn between interference of the state on sanitary grounds, and its interference with the object of supplying houses on more favourable terms than they can be provided by private agency. There are strong grounds for concluding that it is expedient for the state to interpose both with the object of preventing unhealthy houses being built and in prohibiting houses continuing in so bad a sanitary condition that they not only are dangerous to

their inmates, but may become centres of disease to the neighbourhood. It can, however, be easily shown that immediately the state steps beyond these limits of interference, and attempts to control the rents that are charged by building houses with public funds, endless difficulties are at once suggested. If the rent asked for houses built by the state or by a municipality is not sufficient to pay the interest on the money expended in building them, the deficiency must be made good either by an increase in imperial or local taxation. Additional imperial taxation must in part ultimately be paid by the poor, and without discussing here the intricate question of the incidence of local rates, it is sufficient to say that rates are in a large part paid by the occupiers of houses. If therefore it became necessary, as the result of a municipality entering into building operations, to increase rates, the inevitable result must be that those who were fortunate enough to be selected as tenants by the municipality would be virtually shifting a portion of the rent which they would otherwise have to pay, from themselves upon the rest of the inhabitants. Not only would this be manifestly unjust, but the very evil which it was sought to cure would in many instances be aggravated. A workman can only afford to spend a certain portion of his wages upon house-rent; suppose the amount spent by one who is earning 30s. a week is, for rent and rates combined, 6s., the rent being 4s. 6d. and the rates 1s. 6d. If his rates are increased by 6d. a week the amount then remaining to him to spend in rent is reduced from 4s. 6d. to 4s. a week, and the accommodation which he will ultimately obtain will be proportionately diminished.

There is yet another difficulty to be considered. What process of selection is to be adopted by the municipal authorities in deciding who should be the favoured individuals to enjoy the advantage of living partly at the

¹ The deplorable state of things disclosed by these figures is probably in large measure due to the fact that the Scotch, compared with the English, have hitherto made scarcely any effort to provide themselves with better houses through the agency of building societies. It is estimated that, at the present time, there are in the United Kingdom no less than 750,000 members of building societies; and out of this number only 14,000 belong to Scotland and 7,000 to Ireland. No satisfactory explanation can be given of this striking disparity. The difference between England and Scotland is probably in part due to the fact that the system of registration of building societies is less complete in Scotland. But after making due allowance for this circumstance, it seems difficult to resist the conclusion that the thrift for which the Scotch are proverbial has unfortunately in too many cases not hitherto assumed the form of providing themselves with good dwellings.

public expense in houses with rents artificially reduced? It is obvious that poverty cannot be made the controlling principle of selection; because, if this were done, a direct and powerful inducement would be held out to improvidence. Nothing could be more disastrous than to make the industrious poor feel that they were taxed in order to provide those who were impoverished by intemperance or improvidence with better and cheaper houses than they could themselves obtain. If no principle of selection were adopted, and if the houses built by the state or by the municipality were let at the highest rent they would fetch, is there any reason to suppose that a state or a municipality would, in such a trade as house building, be able successfully to compete with private enterprise? This being the case, the result would be that although those who lived in the houses built with public funds would be paying competition rents, yet in all probability these rents would not be sufficient to return the interest on the outlay and the expenses of management, and the deficit would have to be made good either by adding to taxation or by an increase in rates.

Probably, however, the most mischievous consequence that would result from the state or a municipality undertaking to supply houses, is the effect it would have in discouraging the efforts which the working classes are now making to provide themselves with houses. There is no fact connected with the social condition of the people more hopeful than the remarkable development of building societies in recent years. It is estimated, as previously stated, that at the present time these societies have no less than 750,000 members, all of whom, by the setting aside of small savings, have either become, or are in process of becoming the owners of the houses in which they dwell. There is, we believe, no surer way of drying up this great stream of self-help and self-reliance than to teach the working classes that

they should look, not so much to their own efforts, but to the state or the municipality to provide them with the house accommodation they may need.

The next scheme of state socialism to which it is desirable to direct attention is the proposal which has been sanctioned by the high authority of Prince Bismarck to create a fund, partly obtained from a special tax levied upon employers, for the purpose of providing insurance against accidents and an allowance during sickness for workmen. It has been sometimes suggested that the scheme is a natural outgrowth of that system of militarism which has assumed its highest development in Germany, and that so severe a strain has been imposed upon the industrial classes by compulsory military service that it is necessary to resort to exceptional measures to relieve it. It would, however, be foreign to our purpose in this place to consider the scheme in other than its economic aspects. With the object of clearly explaining the economic results which may be produced, it will be desirable to assume that the scheme is carried out in the simplest possible manner, and that the money required to give effect to the proposal is in part obtained by a special tax, say of 10 per cent., levied upon the profits of the employers. It will be necessary, in the first place, to consider what will be the effect of this tax, not only upon the employers, but also upon the rest of the community. Three questions are at once suggested;

(1.) Will the tax be really paid by the employers?

(2.) Will the employers be able to compensate themselves by a rise in the price of commodities, and thus shift the burden upon the general body of consumers?

(3.) Will the employers be able, in consequence of the tax, to reduce wages and thus cause the tax to be really paid by the workmen?

We believe, from the answers to be given to these three questions, it will

be clearly shown that the tax will ultimately have to be borne wholly or in large part by the workmen. Suppose that the tax, in the first instance, is paid by the employer, and that his profits are consequently proportionately decreased. This diminution in profits will render it less desirable to embark capital in the industry of the country; because if capital were employed in some other way, such as the purchase of government loans, or if it were exported for investment abroad, the payment of the tax would be avoided. This lessening of the inducement to apply capital to home industry could have no other result than to diminish the demand for labour; wages would consequently decline, and the tax, though paid by the employers, would really, in large part, be contributed by the labourers.

It can be easily shown that very serious results might ensue if the employers attempted to compensate themselves for the loss inflicted by the tax by a rise in the price of commodities. In every country there is in the great majority of industries a keen and closely contested competition between the home and the foreign producer; if the price of home products is artificially raised, the inevitable result will be at once to place home trade at a disadvantage; business would become less active, profits and wages will both decline, and it may very possibly happen that the loss alike to employers and employed will be considerably greater than the amount of the tax. Even if there were not the competition just supposed, and if it were possible to maintain a rise in prices sufficient to compensate the employer for the tax, the labourers, being by far the most numerous class in the community, would, by having to pay an extra price for commodities, be just as certainly taxed as if the larger part of the tax were in the first instance levied from them. The same result would, of course, take place, if, as a consequence of imposing the tax upon the employer, he, in order to place himself on an

equality with his foreign competitors, reduced wages.

We therefore arrive at the conclusion that no course can be suggested which will prevent the tax, either wholly or in large part, being paid by the labourers; and therefore the effect of the scheme will be the same as if the labourers were directly taxed with the object of forming an insurance and annuity fund for their benefit. Amongst many objections that may be urged to such a plan of compulsory thrift, it may be mentioned that it would be impossible for the government to obtain money for an insurance fund either from those who are unemployed or from those who only earn wages just sufficient to provide themselves with the necessaries of life. The certain result of the government making such an attempt would be to arouse a bitter feeling of resentment. Many forms of providence, such as insurance and making provision for old age and sickness, which are now rapidly spreading, would become unpopular; and we believe it would be found that not only would a government hopelessly fail to introduce a system of compulsory thrift, but that the reaction that would result from the attempt would lead to there being far less thrift amongst the labouring classes than if it had never been sought to force it upon the people.

Although a government may by unwise interference materially retard social and economic movements which are calculated greatly to improve the condition of the people, yet we think that a government may exert a very beneficial influence in making available various agencies that will render the practice of providence more easy. Unmixed good has, for instance, resulted from the introduction of savings banks, which are now so rapidly spreading in our own and other countries; and it may be confidently anticipated that the people are more likely to make a prudent provision for the future if they feel that they can enjoy the security

of the state, and that years of thrift will not be lost to them by intrusting their savings to insolvent societies. It is, however, of the first importance that any scheme which is supported by the state should be conducted on sound commercial principles, and should be entirely self-supporting. Thus the savings banks which are administered through the Post-office, far from throwing any charge upon the general taxpayers of the country, yield a profit which is sufficient to secure the state against any risk of loss. If this principle were once departed from, nothing but mischief would result. If, for example, in order to promote thrift, the state allowed a higher rate of interest on savings bank deposits than it could afford to pay, the general community would be taxed for the benefit of a special class, and rival political parties prompted by a desire to gain popularity might, having once departed from the path of sound finance, bid against each other by offering a still higher rate of interest, and thus an increasing burden would be thrown upon the community.

In thus directing attention to the mischief which is likely to result from bringing into operation various schemes of State Socialism, we think it ought not to be concluded that an institution must necessarily be condemned because it may have associated with it some of the characteristics of socialism. As an example it may be mentioned that our poor law system is undoubtedly based upon socialism, because it confers upon every destitute person a legal right to be maintained at the public expense. It would not, however, be safe to conclude that the poor law ought to be abolished because of the socialism which attaches to the system. Such a question ought to be determined by a careful balancing of advantages and disadvantages; and we believe that when this is done the conclusion will be that the abolition of the poor law, from the stimulus which would be given to all the evils

associated with indiscriminate charity, would produce consequences which would be far more serious than any mischief which results from a poor law system when carefully and properly administered. Experience, however, has abundantly shown that a government, in entering so far upon the path of socialism as to guarantee maintenance to all destitute applicants, incurs a responsibility so grave that if it is not safeguarded with the utmost caution it may bring the most serious dangers upon the community. Before the introduction of the new poor law in 1834, for instance, pauperism was so much encouraged by the carelessness and laxity of administration which had previously prevailed, that English industry seemed likely to be permanently crippled by the burdens imposed upon it. If great watchfulness is not exercised in checking out-door relief, similar evils may again occur; poverty and suffering naturally evoke so much sympathy that a demand for a more liberal administration of poor relief may easily be created.

Proposals are also frequently brought forward to widen the application of the principle involved in poor law relief. Thus there are many who urge that as some of the poor find it difficult to pay for the education of their children, free education should be given at the public expense to all who choose to avail themselves of it. Amongst the pleas that are urged in favour of this proposal, it is said that as the money which free education would require would be contributed by the taxpayers and ratepayers of the country, parents would still pay for the education of their children, although in an indirect way. Precisely the same argument would justify such an extension of the present poor law system as would cause maintenance at the public expense, not to be confined as it now is to the destitute; the right of enjoying it might also be conferred upon all who chose to avail themselves of it. It is also

sometimes argued that a system of compulsory education has been introduced because it is in the interest of the state that the community should be properly educated, and that therefore, as the arrangement is carried out in the interests of the state, it is only fair that the state should bear the expense. But if this principle is accepted the responsibilities of the state might be indefinitely increased. It is to the national advantage that the people should be well fed, well clothed, and well housed, and therefore it might be proposed that the feeding, clothing, and housing of the people should be undertaken by the state. It is, moreover, to be remarked that the chief justification for the interference between parent and child involved in compulsory education is to be sought in the fact that parents who incur the responsibility of bringing children into the world ought to provide them with education, and that if this duty is neglected the state interposes as the protector of the child. It no doubt may be said that a very large part of the expense of popular education is now defrayed by grants obtained either from imperial or local taxation, and that as consequently so great an advance has been made towards free education, no harm could result from its complete introduction. In our opinion, however, great care ought to be taken to preserve some recognition of the individual responsibility which

every parent owes to his children in reference to education, and instead of entirely sweeping away this responsibility, the people should be rather encouraged to regard the present system only as a temporary arrangement, and that as they advance, the portion of the charge for the education of their children which can now be shifted upon others should, instead of being increased, be gradually diminished.

In bringing these remarks to a conclusion we cannot help thinking that for some years to come many of the schemes which have been here considered may in various forms engage a large share of public attention. In endeavouring to explain some of the consequences which their adoption would involve, we should greatly regret to do any injustice to the motives of those by whom they are advocated. Mischievous as we believe many of these schemes would prove to be, the great majority of those by whom they are advocated are undoubtedly prompted by no other desire than to promote social, moral, and material advancement. The conclusion, above all others which we desire to enforce, is that any scheme, however well intentioned it may be, will indefinitely increase every evil it seeks to alleviate, if it lessens individual responsibility by encouraging the people to rely less upon themselves and more upon the state.

HENRY FAWCETT.

THE FORMS AND HISTORY OF THE SWORD.¹

THERE seems to be a culminating point not only in all human arts, but in the fashion of particular instruments. And it so happens that the pre-eminent and typical instruments of war and of music attained their perfection at nearly the same time, in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Within that period the violin, chief minister of the most captivating of the arts of peace, and the sword, the chosen weapon of skilled single combat and the symbol of military honour, assumed their final and absolute forms—forms on which no improvement has been found possible. Strangely enough, the parallel holds a step further. In each case, although nothing more could be added to the model or the workmanship, it was yet to be long before the full capacities of the instrument were developed. A quartet of Beethoven hardly differs more from the formal suites and gavottes of such composers as Rameau than does the sword-play of the school of Prévost or Cordelois from the nicely balanced movements and counter-movements taught and figured in the works of De Liancour or Girard. Nor has fencing been without its modern romantic school; we may even say that it has had its Berlioz in the brilliant and eccentric De Bazancourt, a charming writer on the art, and—as he has been described to me by competent authority—*un tireur des plus fantaisistes*. And in both cases we may truly say that the period of academic formality was the indispensable predecessor of the more free and adventurous development of our own time. But before the modern small-sword could even exist—the sword, as it is called eminently and

without addition in its land of adoption, *épée* as opposed to *sabre*—a long course of growth, variation, and experiment had to be run through. To give some general notion of the forms and history of the sword is what I shall now attempt. And though there are perhaps not many of us nowadays who would, like Claudio before he fell in love, walk ten mile a-foot to see a good armour, I think we shall find the story not without interest.

The sword is essentially a metal weapon. Here at the outset we are on disputable ground; one cannot take a part either way without differing from good authorities. But some part must be taken, and on this point I hold with General Pitt-Rivers. The larger wooden or stone weapons, clubs and the like, were not and could not be imitated in bronze in the early days of metal-work, for the one sufficient reason that metal was too scarce. We start then with spear-heads of hammered bronze, imitating the pointed flints which doubtless were still used for arrow-heads until bronze was cheap enough to be thrown or shot away without thought of recovering it. The general form of these spear-heads was a kind of pointed oval, a type which has continued with only minor variations in the greater part of the spears, pikes, and lances of historical times. It is difficult to say whether the spears thus headed were oftener used as missile or thrusting weapons, though the javelin has also forms peculiar to itself, of which the most famous example is the Roman *pilum*. In the semi-historical warfare of the Homeric poems the spear is almost always thrown; in the later historical period it is held fast as a pike; the Romans, carefully practical in all matters of military equipment, had

¹ A discourse delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on Friday evening, June 1, 1883.

different spears for different kinds of service. In mediæval Europe the missile use of spears had, I believe, disappeared altogether, except in the defence of walls and in naval combats. However these things may be, the need of a handier weapon than the spear for close quarters, and a readier and more certain one than the club, must have been felt at an early time. A spear broken off short would at once give a hand-weapon like the Zulu "stabbing assegai."

When metal becomes more abundant, and skill in working it more common, such weapons are separately designed and made; the spear-head is enlarged into a blade, with but little alteration of form, and we have a bronze¹ dagger of the type known to English archaeologists as "leaf-shaped," the characteristic type of the bronze period everywhere. Some of the Greek bronze daggers, indeed, are rather smaller than the full-sized spear-heads. With increasing command of metal the length of blade is increased; and we have in course of time a true sword. This leaf-shape is the continuing type of the Greek sword throughout ancient Greek history; and it is not only thus persistent, but now and then recurs at much later times in unexpected ways. It is exactly reproduced in a pattern of short sword for the French dismounted artilleryman, dated 1816, which may be seen in the Musée d'Artillerie at the Invalides, and in some recent experimental sword-bayonets.² As the blade lengthened, the leaf-shape was less marked, and

in the days of the Roman empire, and the barbarian dynasties which were built up on its ruins, the symmetrical curvature had disappeared, leaving a straight and broad blade which became the European sword of the middle ages. Meanwhile the leaf-shape had thrown out other offshoots elsewhere. From the mediæval type of sword, or in some cases from one of these other forms, are derived all the weapons of this class now employed by the European races of man.

In Homer the sword is insignificant. So far as anything can be inferred from the allusions of the Greek tragedians, and from a few historical details like the improvements in equipment introduced by Iphicrates, it had a better relative position among the arms of Greek warriors in post-Homeric times. Probably this was due to the supplanting of bronze by iron—a process which was complete so long before Thucydides wrote that iron was in his language the natural and obvious material of weapons. To wear arms is for him to wear iron: in old times, he says, every man in Greece "wore iron" in every-day life, like the barbarians nowadays. But it is in the Roman armies that we find the first distinct evidence of the use of the sword being studied with anything like system. We learn from Vegetius—a writer of the late fourth century A.D., and of no great authority for his own sake, but likely enough to have preserved genuine traditions of the service—that the Roman soldier was assiduously practised in sword exercise. What is more important, the Romans had discovered the advantage of using the point, and regarded enemies who could only strike with the edge as contemptible. Vegetius assigns as reasons for this both the greater effectiveness of a thrust and the less exposure of the body and arm in delivering it; reasons which though not conclusive are plausible, and show that the matter had been thought out. Further, the Roman practice, notwithstanding the tempta-

¹ It is not universally true that bronze was known and worked before other metals. Iron came first where, as in Africa, it was most accessible. But I speak here with a view to the European development only.

² The Londoner need not even trouble himself to walk into a museum, for the leaf-shaped Greek sword of classical times has been carefully copied from the best authorities in the weapon held by the statue at Hyde Park Corner taken from the group of the Dioscuri on Monte Cavallo, disfigured by a total perversion of the original motive, and absurdly re-named Achilles.

tion to keep the shielded side foremost, was to advance the right side in attacking, as modern swordsmen do. The weapon was a thoroughly practical one: the straight and short blade was mounted in a hilt not unlike that of a Scottish dirk, scored with well-marked grooves for the fingers, and balanced with a substantial pommel: this last point, by the way, is too much neglected in our present military swords. A shorter and broader pattern was worn by superior officers, sometimes in a highly ornamented scabbard, of which there is a very fine specimen in the British Museum. Longer swords were used by the cavalry and by the foreign troops in the Roman service.¹ There is no evidence, however, that the Romans ever attained the point of cultivating swordsmanship in the proper sense, that is, making the sword a defensive as well as an offensive arm.

After the fall of the Roman empire the sword in general use is a longer and larger weapon, but handled, we may suspect, with less skill and effect. It is straight, heavy, double-edged, and of varying length apparently determined by no rule beyond the strength or the fancy of the owner. A good historical specimen of this type is the sword of Charles the Great, exhibited in the Louvre. As often as not the earlier mediæval swords are rounded off at the end; and from this, as well as from the fact that some centuries later the "foining fence" of the Italian school was regarded as a wholly new thing, it appears that the Roman tradition of preferring the point to the edge had been lost or disregarded. There is every reason, indeed, to believe that the mediæval form is the continuance

of a pre-historic one. Swords dug up in various parts of Europe from several feet of gravel show no essential difference of pattern from those which were common down to the sixteenth century. The hilts of the pre-historic swords do indeed affect (though not invariably) a shortness in the grip which seems to modern Europeans absurd, though a parallel to it may be found in modern Asiatic swords; and very short handles occur in European weapons as late as the thirteenth century. From three to three and a half inches, or sometimes even less, is all the room given to the hand. The modern European swordsman's grip is flexible; he requires free space and play for the fingers, and for the directing action of the thumb which is all but indispensable in using the point. The short grip is intended to give a tight-fitting and rigid grasp, so that the whole motion of the cut comes from the arm and shoulder; and this is the manner in which Oriental swords are still handled. Apart from this difference in the size of the grip, a mediæval knight's sword, or one of the Scottish swords to which the name of claymore (commonly usurped by the much later basket-hilted pattern) properly belongs, has little to distinguish it from the arms of unknown date which, for want of a more certain attribution, are vaguely called British in our museums. But one thing of great curiosity happened to the sword in the middle ages; it became a symbol of honour, an object almost of worship, the chosen seat and image of the sentiment of chivalry. This may be accounted for in part by the accident of the cross-guard seeming to the newly converted barbarians to invest it with a sacred character; I say accident, for the cross-guard is certainly pre-historic and therefore pre-Christian. Still the religious associations of the cross must have given a quite new significance and importance to such customs as that of swearing by the sword—itsself a widely spread one, and of extreme

¹ Lindenschmit, *Tracht und Bewaffnung des römischen Heeres während der Kaiserzeit*. Braunschweig, 1882. Complete reconstructions of both Greek and Roman equipments of various periods (among others) may be seen in the excellent historical collection of *Costumes de guerre* in the Musée d'Artillerie of Paris.

antiquity.¹ I think that other though not dissimilar influences also came into play. In the Old Testament the sword is much oftener mentioned than the spear, and is a recognised symbol of war and warlike power. Thus, to take one of the best known passages, we read in the forty-fifth Psalm, "Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most mighty:" in the Vulgate, *Accingere gladio tuo super femur tuum, potentissime*. Now it is no matter of conjecture that such a passage deeply affected the mediæval imagination. These words are quoted by a man of peace, our own Bracton, writing in the thirteenth century, when he speaks of the king's power, and of the counsellors and barons who are his companions, girt with swords, assisting him to do judgment and justice. It seems hardly too fanciful to think that the fascination and pre-eminence of the sword which were at their height in Bracton's time, and are not extinct yet, were in some measure derived from that one triumphant note of the Psalmist. Not that others were wanting; there is the two-edged sword in the hands of

the saints: *Exaltationes Dei in gutture eorum, et gladii ancipites in manibus eorum*, a verse that was in time to serve the Puritans as it had served the Crusaders.

But to follow out the associations of the sword with knighthood, semi-religious military vows and enterprises, and military honour in general, would be matter for a discourse of itself. Let us return to the fashion and development of the weapon. There was little variation from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, save that the decoration of the scabbard and mountings (of which I do not propose to speak) grew more elaborate with the growth of art and luxury, and that the average length tended to increase. After the twelfth century the sword is generally pointed as well as two-edged, and the point was sometimes used with effect. In a fourteenth century MS. in the British Museum, engraved in Hewitt's *Ancient Armour and Weapons*, a mounted knight is delivering a thrust in quarte (as we now say), which completely pierces his adversary's shield. In the sixteenth century the blade is made narrower and lighter, and the sword-hand is for the first time adequately guarded. First the plain cross-bar puts on various curved forms intended to arrest or entangle an enemy's blade with greater effect. Then rings project on either side of the root of the blade, and are worked, as time goes on, into a more or less complex system of convolutions according to the costliness of the weapon and the skill and fancy of the maker. These curved guards are known as *pas d'âne*, while the cross-pieces in the plane of the blade, now slender and elongated, and often curving towards the point, are called *quillons*. Next the guard throws up one or more branches, covering or encircling the exposed outer part of the hand. These branches form a shell or basket pattern, their ends are solidly joined to the pommel (after an interval of hesitating osculation, well exemplified in a sword now

¹ It is common among the Rájputs, and is met with, in conjunction with peculiar formalities, among certain hill tribes. Wilbraham Egerton, *Handbook of Indian Arms* (published by the India Office, 1880), pp. 77, 105-6. It is also a very old Teutonic custom. Grimm, *D.R.A.*, pp. 165, 896, cp. Ducange, s.v. *Juramentum* (*super arma*). The implied imprecation was probably, "May the god of war abandon me in fight if I swear falsely," hardly "May I perish by the sword," for it was held disgraceful to a free man to die otherwise than in battle. In the sixteenth century Spanish fencing-masters, on their admission to the guild, took an oath—"super signum sanctæ crucis factum de pluribus ensibus." *Revue archéologique*, vi. 589. Not unfrequently the sword itself was the object of worship; the feeling is more easily revived in fighting times, even now, than men of peace are apt to think, as Körner's well-known sword-song shows. Compare General Pitt-Rivers's Catalogue of his collection (Stationery Office 1877), p. 102. Some of the formulas in Ducange suggest the meaning, "What I assert or promise I am ready to make good with the sword;" but this I suspect is a later rationalising of the original ceremony.

in the museum of the United Service Institution which was borne by Cromwell at Drogheda), and nothing but a process of selection and simplification is now needed to produce all the modern patterns of sword-hilts. It was at Venice that the basket-hilt came first into regular use in the swords named *Schiavone*, from being worn by the Doge's body-guard (*Schiavoni*, Slavs, i.e. Dalmatians). In these it is of a flattened elliptical shape. The Scots, renowned before the middle of the sixteenth century for their careful choice of weapons, took up the model, and in the course of another generation or two developed it into the well-known basket-guard still used by our Highland regiments, the most complete protection for the swordsman's hand ever devised without undue loss of freedom. Meanwhile the *pas d'ane* solidifies into a hollowed disc or even a deep bell-shaped cup, the characteristic feature of the guard of the Spanish rapier and the modern duelling sword. One cannot help speaking of the works of men's hands, when one traces them in historical order through their several forms, as if they were organic and grew like flowers, or like variations of a natural species; and in truth it is not an idle conceit, for the development of design and workmanship answers to a real organic development in the men from whose brain and hand the work proceeds; every generation takes up from its fathers, if it is worthy of them, a new starting-point of imagination and aptitude, and the strange conservatism of the imitative faculty is a sure warrant of continuity.

The latter half of the sixteenth century was the time when the sword stood highest in artistic honour. Then it was that Holbein designed its ornaments for Henry VIII., and that Albert Dürer engraved a crucifixion on a plate of gold for the boss of a sword or dagger of the Emperor Maximilian's. Both the sword and its ornament disappeared at an early time, the prey of some greatly daring collector,

and nothing is now known of their fate: the design survives, for impressions were taken as from an ordinary engraver's plate, and some are still in existence, though a good example is extremely rare. But in the true armourer's or swordsman's eyes the work even of a Holbein and a Dürer is only extraneous adornment, and must yield in interest to the qualities of the blade. And at this time the sword-smith became again, as he had been in the ruder ages when metal working was the secret of a few craftsmen, a man of renown. In Spain, in France, in Germany, and in Italy there rose up masters and schools of sword-cutlery. There was a time when the blades of Bordeaux and Poitiers had the best price in the English market; but soon those of Toledo, combining beauty, strength, and elasticity, gained that eminence of which the tradition still clings to them. Othello's "sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper," was such an one as these now before us. And Shakespeare, be it noted, knew here as always exactly what he was speaking of; for it was long believed that the quality of the finest blades depended on their being tempered in mountain streams. Germany was not far behind in the race either; the Solingen blades, stouter and rougher than the Spanish ones, but for that reason fitter for common military service, made their trade-mark of a running wolf known throughout the north of Europe. The wolf, or hieroglyphic symbol that passed for one, was easily taken for a fox. Hence, it should seem, the cant name of fox for a sword, which is current in our Elizabethan literature. "O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox," cries Pistol to his captive on the field of Agincourt. A still greater reputation was gained by the strong and keen broadswords bearing the name of Andrea Ferara, long a puzzle to antiquaries from the want of positive knowledge whether he was of Italian or Spanish origin. The story that he

was invited to Scotland by James V. appears to be mere guess-work. There exists, however, contemporary evidence that some time after 1580 two brothers, Giovan Donato and Andrea dei Ferari, were well-known sword-makers working at Belluno in Friuli, the Illyrian territory of Venice; and this goes far to settle the question between Spain and Italy.¹ Probably the name of Ferrara became a kind of trade-mark, and was used afterwards by many successors or imitators.

During this time the Spanish and Italian rapier was undergoing its peculiar development, and leading the way to the modern art of fencing. But this takes us out of the general line of history into a distinct branch. We have henceforth to consider the sword, not as the simple following out of a given primitive form, but as a weapon diverging from that form in two directions. It may be specialised as a cutting or as a thrusting arm. In the military sabre of our own time we find both qualities reconciled by a sufficiently effective compromise, but only after a long course of experiments.

For many centuries the armourers and swordsmen of the East have cultivated the edge at the expense of the point, and have attained a partly just and partly fabulous renown. The point, after being neglected since the days of the Romans, has made up its lost time in the West, and made it up triumphantly; for it is now admitted that the swordsman who would be a complete master of the edge must have learnt the ways of the point also. Let us take the earlier stage first, as shown in the cutting swords of the East. Broadly speaking, their characteristic feature is a decidedly curved blade as opposed to the straight or nearly straight European form.

Its most ancient form was probably short, and broader at the point than at the handle (the scimitar properly so called); an exaggerated representation

of this type is the conventional weapon of Orientals and barbarians among the painters of the Renaissance or even later. Passing over earlier stages, however, let us come to the sabre which was made known to Western Europe by the crusades, and whose form and fashion have continued to our own day without notable change. These Indian and Persian arms exhibit the perfection of a specialised type. Great cutting power is gained by the curvature, which ensures an oblique section of the blade, and therefore an acuter angle of resistance, being presented to the object struck. Everything else is sacrificed to the power of the edge, and sacrificed deliberately. The small grip and the partial or total neglect of protection for the sword-hand are part of the same plan. Defence is left to the shield and armour. The curious projecting pommel of the commonest pattern of Indian sabre may act, indeed, as a guard for the wrist, but it has other uses; it may become a weapon of offence at close quarters, it balances the weight of the blade, and it may be grasped with the left hand for a two-handed blow. Scottish broadswords not uncommonly have a kind of outside loop made in the hilt for the same purpose.

More time and labour have been given to the making and adornment of choice weapons in Syria, Persia, and India than in any other part of the world. The best steel always came, it appears, from India. Damascus has given its name to the characteristic processes of Oriental metal-work, but has long ceased to be the chief seat of the art: "the best blades at the present day are still made in Khorassan, where the manufacture has been carried on since the time of Timour, who transported thither the best artificers of Damascus."² Nevertheless Damascus blades, or what purport to be such, are still freely sold to travellers in the East. One such purchaser, I am told, observed that a

¹ *Cornhill Magazine*, vol. xii., p. 192, (August, 1865).

² Egerton, *Handbook of Indian Arms*, p. 56.

number of these swords had the same inscription in Arabic characters. He was unable to read it himself, but afterwards consulted an Orientalist, who informed him that the writing signified—"I am *not* a Damascus blade." It may be believed that the interpretation was faithful, for the jest is quite in the Persian manner. The damasked or "watered" appearance of the blades which are most highly esteemed in the East appears to have been originally due to an accidental crystallisation of the steel in the process of conversion. The production of it was long thought a secret, but Western experts have now both explained and imitated it.²

While we are among Indian weapons, we may learn from them that the development of the sword from the dagger by successive steps and modifications is not a matter of mere archaeological conjecture. Almost conclusive proof is given by the series of intermediate forms between the straight broad dagger (Katar), with a handle formed by a pair of cross bars set close together between two other bars parallel to the axis of the blade which serve as hand-guards, and the long sword with gauntlet hilt called Patá. The dagger, as far as the blade goes, is of a widespread type: the mediæval short swords, for example, called by modern antiquaries "anelace" or "langue-de-bœuf" (though there is some doubt as to what anelace or anlas, a name peculiar to England and of unknown origin, really means), are not unlike it. But the mounting is peculiar, and enables us to follow the transitions. First the blade is made about a third or a half longer. Then a kind of shell covering the back of the hand is added to the bars of the hand-guard. In this form the weapon is called "Bara jamdádú" (death-giver), and seems to be known only in a limited part of Southern India. Finally the blade is lengthened into a double-edged sword, and

the hand-guard is closed in so as to make a complete gauntlet-shaped hilt. The original cross-bar handle remains, making the grip entirely different from that of an ordinary sword.² One does not see how an arm thus mounted can be used except for a sweeping blow, no room being given for the slightest play of the wrist. It is not uncommon to find old Spanish or other European blades mounted in these gauntlet hilts—a fact worth noticing to correct the popular impression that Eastern swords are better than European ones. This is far from being generally true. Not only may old Spanish, Italian, or German blades be found in collections of Oriental arms, but in quite modern times Indian horsemen have been known to use by preference English light cavalry swords, remounted in their own fashion, and to do terrible execution with them. European swords have been found ineffective in Indian warfare not because they were bad in themselves, but because they were not kept sharp like the Indian ones. "A sharp sword will cut in any one's hand," said an old native trooper to Captain Nolan in answer to questions as to the secret of the Indian horsemen's blows. And if European sword-smiths do not produce habitually such elaborate work as those of Persia and Damascus, it is not because they have not the secret of their Eastern fellow-craftsmen, but because the time and expense required for watered blades are such as would not be compensated by the price obtainable in the Western market. Only in the East, where men seem to take no count of time, and where centuries have passed without historians and without any means of fixing dates, could this branch of the armourer's art have arisen, or be regularly practised.

Similarly, we have all read in Walter Scott's *Talisman* the spirited (though,

² Examples of all the stages may be seen in the Indian section of the South Kensington Museum, or still better in the Pitt-Rivers collection, where a case is specially arranged to show the transition.

¹ Wilkinson, *Engines of War* (1841), pp. 200 *seq.*

it must be confessed, inaccurate ¹) description of the sword-feats performed by Richard and Saladin; and most readers probably imagine the cutting of the cushion and the veil to require some temper to be found only in Oriental blades, or some refinement of address peculiar to Oriental hands. But these and other feats of Eastern swordsmen have been and are repeated with success by Europeans in our own time. It is true that a light and very sharp sword, not the service arm, is used for that special purpose.

Various peculiar types of curved swords and more or less similar weapons occur in different parts of the East. One which deserves special mention, from the distances to which it has travelled, is the yataghan type. The doubly-curved blade of the yataghan, still a constant part of the armed Albanian's equipment, and a favourite Turkish weapon,² is identical in form with the short sword or falchion (Kopis) figured on sundry Greek monuments, and with the Kukri of Nepal. This last, indeed, is commonly broader and more curved; but there is an elongated variety of it which cannot be distinguished from the yataghan, and which occurs in Nepal itself, in the Deccan, and in Sind. A precisely similar arm, probably imported by Roman auxiliaries, has been found at Cordova and elsewhere in Spain, and may be seen in the Pitt-Rivers collection and the Musée d'Artillerie. It makes a very handy and formidable weapon, combining, if not too much curved, a strong cutting edge with considerable thrusting power. Of its birthplace, I

believe, nothing is known; it is more or less used in all the Mohammedan parts of Asia, and the geographical distribution would point to Persia or thereabouts for a common origin; but then Persia is just the country where the thing seems to be least common, and the word is purely Turkish. It is not impossible that, notwithstanding the strong temptation to make out a pedigree, we have here a case of independent invention in two or more distinct quarters; and in fact the Kukri of the Gorkhas is stated (on what authority I do not know) to be derived from a bill-hook used for wood-cutter's work in the jungles. In modern times the yataghan has been the parent of the French sword-bayonet, and it was even proposed by Colonel Marey, the author of a full and ingenious monograph on the forms and qualities of swords, to make the infantry officer's sword of this pattern.

We pass now to the other special line of development, that of the rapier and small-sword. Whatever differences of opinion may be possible about the sabre, there can be no doubt that the straight sword which ultimately became a thrusting sword is an extension of the dagger. The East is rich in daggers of many forms, so rich that in India alone a score of distinct names for distinct varieties of the weapon appear to be current. There is a broad difference, however, between the straight and the curved daggers, and the modes of using them; the straight ones being held like a sword, the curved ones the reverse way, with the little finger next the blade. Among the curved species is one of which the shape would be puzzling if it were not known to be simply copied from a buffalo horn. The proof is that a dagger of this class is sometimes nothing but the split and sharpened buffalo horn itself. I am not sure that all the curved daggers may not be due to some imitation of this kind, and thus be quite unconnected with the course of development leading up to the modern sword. That

¹ Richard I. is made to wield a two-handed sword, a weapon unknown in his time, and used only by foot soldiers when it did come in some three centuries later; and Saladin's is described as having a *narrow* curved blade, whereas Indo-Persian sabres are, on the average, broader if anything than European swords.

² I do not think it was adopted by the Greeks. In the Klephtic ballads it seems to be opposed, as the Turkish arm, to the Greek sword (Spathi).

the curved sabre is modified from a straight sword, not enlarged from a curved dagger, is, I think, too plain for discussion. The broad-bladed straight dagger which lengthened into the gauntlet-hilted sword has already been mentioned. But neither in this nor in any other case does the enlargement of the dagger appear to have suggested in the East the fabrication or use of a full-sized sword with thrusting for its chief or sole purpose. The rapier, the duelling sword, and the art of fencing, are purely Western inventions. Before going further, let us put a needful distinction of terms beyond mistake. A duelling sword and a rapier are not the same thing, though they are often confused. The rapier is a cut-and-thrust sword so far modified as to be used chiefly for pointing, but not to the complete exclusion of the edge. The duelling sword is a weapon made, and capable of being used, for pointing only. Such a construction would be naturally first applied to the dagger, as its cutting edges could never be of much offensive service unless it were of a large and clumsy type. Cutting power being once regarded as secondary or superfluous, the two-edged blade is narrowed for convenience of carriage, perhaps also of concealment, until thickening becomes necessary to make it strong enough. This reinforcement may be effected by a ridge on either side of the blade, or by a ridge on one side only, which soon becomes as much or as little of an edge as the original and now degraded edges of the blade. From the narrow two-edged blade strengthened by a single "median ridge" we get a purely thrusting blade of triangular section, or an approximately bayonet-shaped blade as we should now call it. From the blade with a double "median ridge" we get a blade of quadrangular section, not corresponding to anything now in familiar use. Both the three-edged and the four-edged shape occur among mediæval daggers; they are also found, though exceptionally, in

Indian specimens. It is difficult to say when they were introduced. We have a distinct record of three-edged swords or long daggers having been employed at the battle of Bovines (A.D. 1214); they are specially described by the chronicler as a novelty.¹ But no example of so early a date appears to be either preserved or figured anywhere; and it was as nearly as possible five centuries afterwards that the bayonet-shaped small-sword prevailed over the rapier. It is worth noticing that some of the Scottish broadswords of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries have a "median ridge" so strongly marked as to make them almost three-edged.

As for the two-edged rapier, its parentage is obvious. It is the military sword of all work, in the form it had assumed in the first half of the sixteenth century, lengthened, narrowed, and more finely pointed.² The interesting question is what led to the use of the point being studied and developed at that particular time. It may seem a paradox to say that the art of fencing is due to the invention of gunpowder; but I believe it to be true. So long as the body was protected by armour, there was no necessity and no scope for fine swordsmanship. Hard hitting was the only kind of attack worth cultivating. Fire-arms, however, made armour not only of less value, but at short ranges a source of positive danger, just as

¹ *Guillelmi Armorici liber* (Guillaume le Breton), anno 1214, § 192, (p. 283 of ed. 1882, published by the Société de l'histoire de France).—"... Ante oculos ipsius regis occiditur Stephanus de Longo Campo, miles probus et fidei integre, cuttello recepto in capite per ocularium galee. Hostes enim quodam genere armorum utebantur admirabili et hactenus inaudito; habebant enim cuttellos longos, graciles, triacumines, quolibet acumine indifferenter secantes a cuspidē usque ad manubrium, quibus utebantur pro gladiis. Sed per Dei adiutorium prevalearunt gladii Francorum," &c.

² It has been said that the rapier and its distinctive manner of use were derived from an elongated dagger employed for piercing the joints of plate armour; but I have met with nothing to support this view.

nowadays, when the side of an iron-clad is once penetrated by shot, the splinters make matters worse than if there had been no resistance at all. Armour being abandoned as worse than useless against fire-arms, it became needful to resort to skill instead of mechanical protection for defence against cold steel at close quarters. Various experiments were tried; the shield was reduced in dimensions to make it more manageable, and in England sword and buckler play, which had long been a favourite national pastime, still had, at the very end of the sixteenth century, its zealous advocates against the new-fangled rapier. But the point, of no avail against complete armour, soon manifested its superior power when this barrier was removed. There is some obscurity about the local origin of the rapier and of fencing. A credible tradition refers it to Spain, whence it was imported into Italy by the Spanish armies early in the sixteenth century. The finest old rapiers are Spanish, and there is mention of very early Spanish books on the subject, which however do not seem to be extant.¹

From Italy the fashion came into France and England, and spread apace, not without grumbling from the older sort of gentlemen and soldiers, of which the echoes are yet audible to us in sundry passages of Shakespeare. At some time between 1570 and 1580 the rapier became the favourite companion of the exquisites of London. "Shortly after (the twelfth or thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth)," says Howes, the continuer of Stow's *Annals*, "began long tucks, and long rapiers, and he was held the greatest gallant, that had the deepest ruff and longest rapier: the offence to the eye of the one, and the hurt unto the life of the subject that came by the other, caused her Majesty to make

proclamation against them both, and to place selected grave citizens at every gate to cut the ruffs and break the rapiers' points of all passengers that exceeded a yard in length of their rapiers, and a nail of a yard in depth of their ruffs." A later writer fixes the date of this proclamation to 1586, and adds that it forbade rapiers to be "carried, as they had been before, upwards in a hectoring manner," but says nothing of the ruffs.² In 1594-5 two English treatises appeared on the new art of fence, one translated from the Italian of Giacomo di Grassi, the other the work of Vincentio Saviolo,³ an Italian master established in England. The translator of Grassi tells us in his "Advertisement to the Reader," that "the sword and buckler fight was long while allowed in England (and yet practice in all sorts of weapons is praiseworthy), but now being laid down, the sword, but with serving-men, is not much regarded,⁴ and the rapier fight generally allowed, as a weapon because most perilous, therefore most feared, and thereupon private quarrels and common frays most shunned." On the other hand, some partisans of the old sword and buckler play maintained its excellence on the express ground that men skilled in it might fight as long as they pleased without hurting one another; and others denounced the rapier as "that mischievous and imperfect weapon

² Stow, *Annals* continued by Edmond Howes, Lond. 1614, p. 869; *Survey of London*, ed. 1755, vol. ii. p. 543 (in Strype's additional matter). Such a proclamation was, according to modern ideas, quite illegal; but much else of the same kind was acquiesced in all through Elizabeth's reign.

³ There is a second book of this treatise with a separate title-page, "Of honor and honorable quarrels," supposed by Warburton to be alluded to in Touchstone's exposition of the lie seven times removed. I cannot think this at all certain; the coincidence of matter is not very close, and it appears from Saviolo that other books of the kind were in existence.

⁴ Cp. Florio, *First Fruits* (1573), cited by Malone on *King Henry IV.*, part i., act i., sc. 3, where the buckler is called "a clownish, dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman."

¹ See Nicolao Antonio, *Bibl. Hispana Vetus*, tom. 2, p. 305, and *Bibl. Hispana Nova*, tom. 1, p. 468, who names two Spanish authors as having written in 1474.

which serves to kill our friends in peace, but cannot much hurt our foes in war" (George Silver, *Paradoxes of Defence*, 1599). But they were soon discomfited. In 1617 we find one Joseph Swetnam, a garrulous and not original author, declaring that the short sword or back-sword (a stout sword so called from having only one edge) is against the rapier "little better than a tobacco pipe or a fox tail." We must not suppose that the rapier fight of the sixteenth century resembled modern fencing. It was the commoner practice to hold a dagger in the left hand for parrying; this, by the way, has an odd analogy in China, where instruments like blunt skewers are used for the same purpose. And not only did the use of the dagger, or in its absence of the gauntleted left hand, make the conditions different from those of the modern fencing school, but the principles and methods were as yet crude and unformed. The fencing-match in *Hamlet* is now presented according to the modern fashion, and Dumas and Gautier, both of whom knew the historic truth well enough, freely introduce the modern terms and rules into the single combats of their novels. In each case this course is justified by artistic necessity. But if we look to the engravings in Saviolo or Grassi, we shall find that Hamlet and Laertes, when the play was a novelty at the Globe Theatre, stood at what would now be thought an absurdly short distance (for the lunge, or delivery of the thrust by a swift forward movement of the right foot and body, with the left foot as a fixed point, was not yet invented), with their sword-hands down at their knees, the points of their rapiers directed not to the breast but to the face of the adversary, and their left hands held up in front of the shoulder in a singularly awkward attitude. A great object was to seize the adversary's sword-hilt with the left hand; and this perhaps explains the "scuffling" in which Hamlet and

Laertes change foils—a thing barely possible in a fencing-match of the present day. An incidental illustration of the part of the left hand in defence is given in *Romeo and Juliet*, where it is related that Mercutio

"with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt."

The duel with rapier and dagger had particular rules of its own; and the handling of a "case of rapiers" (that is, a rapier in either hand) was also taught, but, one would think, only for display.

During this period the use of the edge was combined with that of the point, but the point was preferred. "To tell the truth," says Saviolo, "I would not advise any friend of mine, if he were to fight for his credit and life, to strike neither mandrillas nor riversas" (the technical names of direct and back-handed cuts), "because he puts himself in danger of his life; for to use the point is more ready, and spends not the like time." In the books of the seventeenth century the instructions for mandrillas and riversas disappear accordingly, and at the beginning of the eighteenth we find the small-sword in existence and the rapier gradually giving place to it. Experiments had already been made with thrusting blades of triangular or quadrangular section; at least, specimens of such, ascribed to the early seventeenth or even the end of the sixteenth century, may be seen in museums. In some of these cases, however, one would like to ascertain that a more recent blade has not been mounted in a hilt of the period attributed to the weapon. Be that as it may, the small-sword completely prevailed over the two-edged rapier some time about 1715. At the same time that the form of the blade was changed, its length, which had been excessive, was reduced to a handier and not less effective compass. As regards the mounting and guard also there was a marked return to simplicity. The

elaborate work of the Spanish rapier hilts disappears, to be replaced by a plain shell guard for the duelling sword, and a very light hilt, capable, however, of much decoration if desired, for the walking sword which every gentleman habitually wore until near the end of the last century. Meanwhile the art of fencing made rapid progress, and may be said to have been fixed in substance upon its modern lines by 1750 or thereabouts. To give an account of its development before and since that time would require not a part of a discourse, nor a whole discourse, but a book.

One is tempted in the various forms and uses of the sword to see a reflection of the general temper, and even the tastes and style of the age. The sword of each period seems fitted by no mere accident to the gentlemen, both scholars and soldiers, like Bassanio, who wore and handled it. The long rapier, with its quillons and cunningly wrought metal-work, and somewhat rigid hand-hold, is a kind of visible image of the stately and involved periods of Elizabethan prose. I can persuade myself that it was not in the nature of things for Sidney or Raleigh to be otherwise armed. When we come to the great forerunners of modern English, Hobbes (who has in nowise forgotten to put a sword in the right hand of the mystical figure representing the might of the State in the frontispiece to his *Leviathan*) seems to wield an Andrea Ferara, such a blade and so mounted as Cromwell's, dealing nimbly and shrewdly with both edge and point. And in the exquisite dialectic of Berkeley and Hume, as clear and graceful as it is subtle, and without a superfluous word, we surely have the true counterpart of the finished play of the small-sword, the perfection of single combat. Warfare is on a grander scale now, the controversies of philosophers as well as the campaigns of generals. There are modern philosophical arguments which profess to be more weighty, as they are certainly more

voluminous, than Hume's or Berkeley's, and which remind one not of an assault between two strong and supple fencers in which every movement can be followed, but of a modern field-day, where there is much hurrying to and fro, much din, dust, and smoke, and extreme difficulty in discovering what is really going on.

But our story is not fully done. At the same time, or almost the same time, with the small-sword there came in an offshoot of this class of weapons which has a curious little history of its own, namely the bayonet, a modified dagger in its immediate origin, but influenced in its settled ordinary form by the small-sword, and by the sabre and yataghan in various experimental forms which have ended in the sword-bayonet largely used in Continental services, and to some extent in our own.

A word is also due to the modern military sabre. This, broadly speaking, is a continuation of the straight European military sword of the sixteenth century, lengthened and lightened after the example of the rapier, but one-edged instead of two-edged, and in many cases more or less curved after the fashion of the Eastern swords. The rapier and the small-sword are weapons of single combat, not of general military use; the small-sword is too fragile, the rapier both too fragile and too long, for a soldier's convenience. It is true that it was proposed by no less an authority than Marshal Saxe to arm cavalry with long bayonet-shaped swords, and his opinion has been followed by at least one modern writer. But it is founded on the erroneous notion that a good cutting sabre cannot have a good point, and therefore either the edge or the point must be wholly sacrificed; a notion which has so far prevailed that late in the eighteenth century an excessively curved light cavalry sabre (apparently copied with close fidelity from an Indian model) was introduced throughout the armies of Europe. It was the weapon of our light dragoons

all through the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns, and effective for cutting, but almost or quite useless for pointing. Even now there remains a certain difference in most services between the shape of the light and the heavy cavalry swords, the heavy cavalry sword being straighter, or sometimes perfectly straight. But it is pretty well understood by this time that one and the same sword can be made, though not so perfect for thrusting as the duelling sword, nor so powerful for cutting as an Indian talwár or the old dragoon sabre, yet a very sufficient weapon for both purposes. A blade of moderate length, not too broad, and lightened by one or more grooves running nearly from hilt to point, may be shaped with a curve too slight to interfere gravely with the use of the point, yet sensible enough to make a difference in favour of the edge. This plan is now generally followed.

The use of the edge, after being unduly neglected in consequence of the startling effectiveness of the rapier-point, has also been more carefully studied in modern times. Closely connected with the error just now mentioned, that the same blade cannot be good for both cutting and thrusting, is an equally erroneous belief that a cut cannot be delivered with sufficient force except by exposing one's whole body. The old masters of rapier-fence already knew better. What says Grassi in the contemporary English version? "By my counsel he that would deliver an edge-blow shall fetch no compass with his shoulder, because whilst he beareth his sword far off, he giveth time to the

wary enemy to enter first; but he shall only use the compass of the elbow and the wrist: which, as they be most swift, so are they strong enough if they be orderly handled." This is exactly what the best modern teachers say. Though sabre-play cannot rival the refinements of the lighter and more subtle small-sword, there is much more science in it than would be supposed by any one not acquainted with the matter; and it may easily be seen that a pair of single-stick players who have learnt from a good master do, in fact, expose themselves wonderfully little. Nor is it easy to say on which side the advantage ought to be in a combat between foil and sabre, the players being of fairly equal skill, and each acquainted with the use of both weapons.

My final word, albeit it savour of egotism, shall be one of practical testimony and counsel to a generation of students. I must add my voice to those of a long chain of authorities, medical and other, to bear witness that the exercise of arms, whether in the school of the small-sword, or in the practice, more congenial, perhaps, to the English nature, of the sturdier sabre, is the most admirable of regular correctives for the ill habits of a sedentary life. It is as true now as when George Silver wrote it under Queen Elizabeth that "the exercising of weapons putteth away aches, griefs, and diseases, it increaseth strength and sharpeneth the wits, it giveth a perfect judgment, it expelleth melancholy, cholerick, and evil conceits, it keepeth a man in breath, perfect health, and long life."

FREDERICK POLLOCK.

A BIT OF ERIN.

If the ruined castles of one era, and the grass-grown cabin sites of another, appeal strongly to the imagination of the visitor to Ireland, there is nothing to my mind half so pathetic as the forlorn aspect of the smaller country houses which the social convulsions following the famine, and the Encumbered Estates Act, denuded of their occupants. Most of these have become the habitat of farmers, and, amid the decayed relics of their former finery, look almost, though not quite as melancholy, as those few that have for different reasons been absolutely abandoned to the bats and owls.

Not far from the centre of Ireland, and almost exactly equidistant between the Atlantic and the Irish Sea, the traveller from Dublin to Cork will see a range of mountains spring from the flat country far away upon his right, and follow the railway upon the verge of sight for many miles, rising and falling in dark waves against the western sky. All along the base of these hills lay at one time one of the thickest populations in Ireland, and the whole surrounding district has been made famous in connection with these and other times of disturbance and convulsion by the pen of one who was a leading resident and actor in them.

Fifty years ago a local gentry clustered thickly in the low country on either side of the mountains—a gentry of various subtle degrees doubtless, but all entitled to shoot at one another at twelve paces, to get drunk like gentlemen, to hunt in scarlet, and with a proper contempt for trade. The economic disturbances which swept most of these away are too recent for time to have effaced or even to have made much impression on the walls and roofs which sheltered

them, though the cabins which made their existence possible have left no traces but the grass grown potato patches, and here and there the stone chimneys where their peat fires blew.

It is one of these deserted mansions, hardly old in the generally accepted sense of the term, but prematurely grey and worn, from neglect, that has fastened itself on my mind, I hardly know why, except that no lapse of years, no length of absence, ever seems to reveal the smallest change on its plain, wan face. It is not the hunting-box of a nobleman, nor is it the house of a squire, whose rent-roll, could he collect it, would enable him to live there; but a relic rather of other days, an anachronism upon the present face of the country. The five hundred acres of timber and grazing land, and the almost worthless stretch of bog and mountain above them that form the estate, was sufficient in the old potato days before the famine, when the population had run to nine millions, and this part of the country was at least maintaining the average of increase, to produce, at any rate by the number of its petty tenants, and with a little help perhaps from other sources, rent sufficient to maintain a family living as gentry, and ruffling it after the manner of those times about the country side. To keep however the bleared ghostly mansion upon its legs in these days, much less to restore it to its pristine splendour, would require something more than the three or four hundred acres of grass-land round it, even supposing its owner had the inclination and the knowledge to turn farmer, and apply both time and attention to the family acres.

This particular inheritance however survived the famine days, survived the Incumbered Estates Act, and the rent

of the land still goes into the pockets of the "ould race," though its representative has so far forgotten the pride of his ancestors, and the traditions of the cock-pit and the race-course, as to be placidly bowling around some English watering place in a doctor's brougham, with little left to mark from whence as a boy he came, but an aptitude for getting hold of better horses at lower figures than his brother practitioners. The grass lands have been let for many a long year to a neighbouring proprietor of the same calibre who has remained an Irishman by turning farmer in his youth, but the house has remained uninhabited, and has shivered and shaken and rattled in the gales of a score of winters. It stands far back from the public road that leads from the railroad and market-town some twelve miles off to the mountains immediately at its back, whose height and extent cut off the neighbourhood from all outside intercourse upon the north and west. There is not much traffic upon this part of the high road, even now-a-days. Strings of carts carrying townwards on market-days the produce—and the families—of the mountaineers, the same procession coming homeward at dusk, the wife driving, and the husband lying drunk in the straw.

The little river that takes its rise some ten miles up in the heart of the mountains, and has here spread out into a broadish stream, bends round two sides of the demesne, and the thick growth of woodland that for a long distance hangs over the water, often turns the occasional angler into the pathway that, crossing the fields in front of the house, cuts off the elbow and joins the river lower down, where it sweeps out of the plantations on to the boggy pastures beyond. It is no easy matter to get out of the belt of woodland that skirts the river; a dense undergrowth of holly has everywhere spread rank and thick, while the paths and tracks of former days are covered deep with the leaves of beech or ash that have blown and

gathered and rotted there for years and years. Broken limbs that have tumbled from the trees above lie rotting where they fell, save where they are collected and piled upon the gaps in the fence that divides us from the open fields. Once outside a faint path leads us across the velvety, daisy-flecked turf, on which good-looking cattle, fresh from the yards, are cropping at the sweet, short grass with the eagerness of a first bite, and slowly shedding their rough winter coats. Spring is rampant everywhere, the may and the gorse blaze in the sun from the broken banks that divide field from field. The thorn trees rustle in full summer dress, and atone for the oaks beyond them which are still almost bare, and the newly-arrived swallows sweep round and round high up against an almost cloudless sky. What was once the carriage drive beneath an avenue of limes, abruptly terminates our path. If you follow the former back to the high road, you will find its outlet marked by two ponderous stone gate-posts. Upon one of these a mutilated and unrecognisable device of the same material lifts its disfigured head. At the foot of the other the remains of a similar heraldic monster will be found with the rusted half of an iron gate buried in the long grass, weeds, and nettles that grow close up to the fence. Beside the gateway are the roofless walls of a cabin that must have done duty in halcyon days as a lodge. Following what was once a drive, but is now a mere farm track towards the house, another gateway, bearing the same evidence of former aspirations, divides the lawn from the large pasture field, the arrangement of whose timber, and the big swampy depression in the far end of it, that has evidently been a pond, argues that tendency to parks and lakes—to misplaced and incongruous efforts at display which the satirists of old rural Ireland so particularly rejoiced in.

The short gravel sweep to the house is now as green as the lawn through which it runs, and sprinkled with the

débris of the tall beech trees which line it. The stucco has fallen in layers from the front of the plain square house, and the slates upon the sunken roof are bleached almost white with age and weather. Everywhere around, however, the greenery of spring blooms and blossoms in the straggling shrubberies and in the walled kitchen garden that stretches away at the back—blooms more luxuriantly perhaps from the very wildness born of neglect.

It would be hard to find a more charming spot. Everything at this season, but the grey block of the deserted house, is fresh and bright, rich and warm. The music of mountain streams fills the air, but the barrenness of bog and mountain is hidden by belts of woodland, where rooks cluster in limes and beeches, and where wood-pigeons mate unmolested in the sobbing pines, within sound almost of the crowing of the grouse in the heathery hills whose summits can be just seen rising above the tree tops.

It may seem strange that house property of this kind should be practically valueless within a few hours' run of London, and the constant demand for opportunities of playing the *rôle* of country gentlemen upon a modest scale that drives Englishmen, not only all over Great Britain, but into remote colonial and transatlantic wilds where such a *rôle* is neither appreciated nor understood. One would suppose that a soil, sympathetic and congenial in most things for such a purpose, would have attracted more of those tieless wanderers whose ambition and whose tastes tend in that direction. For even if Englishmen were much given to nerves, the stranger who avoided all connection with land, and confined his attention to his house, his garden, and the hunting-field, would be as safe in Ireland as in Hampshire.

At the corner of the property, the main road before mentioned that leads towards the mountains crosses the river by a grey stone bridge of two arches. Under one of these the swift

stream, narrowing suddenly from the sunny shallows above, shoots in dark current over polished slabs of limestone. Under the other a shallow backwater carries big flakes of frothy foam slowly round and round an almost stagnant pool where shoals of minnows sport in the three or four inches of clear water that covers the shining sand. An aged man in a raiment of many hues, and many holes, is leaning over the parapet of the bridge gazing aimlessly with watery eyes into the depths below. A rude rod with a still ruder line attached to it lies on the dusty road at his feet, and proclaims the poor old tatterdemalion a disappointed disciple of Izaak—as well he may be with such weapons. He is ready enough, however, with his confidences. He is no longer able to work, but has an allowance of four shillings a week from the rates. The wretched hovel in which he lives is within a stone's throw, and his rent is thirty shillings a year. As we are talking, a farmer whom the questionable gift of such oratory as fascinates rural Ireland has transformed from a very thriftless agriculturist into a very thriving patriot, drives by in his gig, and suggests the thought that our ancient friend's opinion of Mr. Parnell's organisations might be interesting. He has not much to say upon the subject, but as a retired labourer with his pension of four shillings a week, neither more nor less, independent of party and class, and as the father of a family of labourers, what he has to say is said with unquestioned decision, and considerable bitterness, and to the effect that as far as he and his are concerned, whatever benefits the class above them may have received, their own position is only not altered for the worse because that would be impossible. You suggest that the late concessions should enable the farmer to hire more labour. "Faix, yer honour," says the old cynic, "it's to the public house the savin' o' the rint goes, not to the labourer." Nor could any one who was a frequent traveller on this very road to the market-town, and familiar with the

spectacle it presented on certain days in the week deny that the statement was at least in strong accordance with outside appearances. Great as are the changes that fourscore years must have witnessed in these parts, the old man's memory is dull. The famine, however, to him seems but as yesterday, and he points to a cutting by the roadside long grown over with turf, where a big shed was erected, and "stirabout" dispensed to all those who were strong enough to crawl to the spot. Potatoes too were good enough eating for people in health, but when sick or weakly were unwholesome, though as a matter of fact they cannot have been more so than the bakers' bread and poisonous tea at high prices which have to a great extent usurped their place in the Irish cabin of these parts. At the edge of the wood in the field yonder there is a broken wall, and a heap of *débris* lying buried under a wilderness of nettles and rank weeds that the old man remembers to have been in his boyhood the kennels of a pack of harriers, whose very existence is but a tradition to the present generation of local sportsmen, while the moss has grown this many a long year on the graves of those who cheered them on over the hills and fields of an Ireland that is as much a thing of the past as they.

Beyond the bridge the road divides, leading in one direction down the valley, in the other up the long face of the mountain. Following the former one sees little but grass land, some clean and fresh, some spongy, coarse, and wet. Some almost monopolised by rushes, but of more account as summer feeding land than to an English eye would at first sight appear possible. Farm houses of fair size that argue moderate holdings, skirt the road with white-washed walls, steep thatched roofs, and muck-heaps before the door. Others of a more substantial build with slate roofs and ill kept gardens in front.

Here and there too, of a size beyond the demands of a two hundred acre farm, and surrounded by planta-

tions grown ragged from want of care, the dwellings of forgotten gentry, now sunk into farmhouses, look sadly out upon the passer-by. Lower down upon the bank of the river rises grimly up into the blue sky one of those nameless ruins to whose history the haziest local tradition gives no clue, except to assume, as a matter of course, that its wreck was Cromwell's handiwork, though the spot is at least thirty miles from the line of any of that dread avenger's marches. However that may be, the rude walls tell no tale, all but the corners have crumbled down, and these, held together in the angles, rear their heads like ragged columns some sixty feet above the green turf and the dark peaty water, that here in slow course laps against the alders at their feet.

If the oblivion in which the past history of this crumbling fortress lies takes away something of the interest attached to it from one point of view, from another, that very mystery, and the wild scene of bloodshed that its situation just outside the pale must have made it witness of, lends an additional fascination as one contemplates the vast pile of unheven stone, and wonders what manner of men and women huddled round the rude fireplaces that in the upper stories are still clearly traced against the wall, or looked out over what was then probably a wild stretch of bog and swamp from the gaping windows through which the winds of three centuries at least have blown at will. The loopholes at the corner commanding what was evidently once a ford, but now has been washed out by floods and drainage, are there, and there, too, stretching far out into the meadow at the back are the foundations of the walls that surrounded the court-yard, where wretched kernes and lean cattle huddled at the first sound of war's alarms.

In England or Scotland neither history nor fiction has spared anything in its efforts to paint in realistic colours the life that once throbbed in such monuments as these, while

wealth and taste perhaps trains the ivy on their grey walls, and spreads around them lawns and flower-beds such as in their palmiest days they never knew.

With the Irish ruin it is not often so, and the imagination is left unassisted to picture the opposing races, who fought for its cheerless shelter, sweeping backwards and forwards in ceaseless conflict, forcing one another over barren bogs and swampy meadows, marrying and intermarrying, murdering and slashing, stealing and raiding, each for himself, either directly or indirectly, till Celt and Norman, Celto-Norman and Saxon, were rolled into Irishmen (whatever that may mean); forming and reforming with each generation to the distant echoes of English party strife, under opposing sides, for which the pretexts of race and religion were but as excuses for the congenial occupations of slaughter and plunder. When property beyond a day's ride from the capital meant nothing but a horde of half-naked savages and a good balance of lean bullocks, till some other wave of Englishmen makes a clean sweep of half a province, driving before it Celt, Norman, and Saxon, and re-settles it like New England or Virginia. Then, as the student might fancy, there was at least clean ground to work on, back comes the returning flood of Irish and quasi-Irish under the influence of the party exigencies of distant legislators, pouring over the colonised districts, settling down among the colonists in equal numbers, mixing with them in future generations hopelessly and irretrievably, till by the beginning of the eighteenth century questions resting on race distinction in the unhappy island begin to get bewildering. The Englishman who has honestly struggled with Irish history from the fascinating pages of Froude to the passionate generalisms of Duffy, may be pardoned if, at the end of the nineteenth, he fails, amid the cries of nationalism, the rights of race, to see anything but a paradox in the silent sympathy with which

the country applauds some tenant farmer of solid Saxon name, the descendant very likely of Cromwellian settler, as he pours a charge of slugs and buckshot, on the score of prior possession, into the back of some undoubted descendant of Celtic chieftains whom his own ancestors or their allies robbed, but who happens now to be again a landowner; or, again, when some gentleman, whose not very remote ancestors came from Devonshire, or Northumberland, or Glasgow, poses in the mantle of Brian Boruhme, and denounces from the hill of Tara as aliens and usurpers the race to which he owes his being.

Going back to the bridge and taking the other road, we strike the mountains almost immediately, and begin a long ascent which the grey limestone road climbs gradually through several miles of bleak country, where in past years man and nature would seem to have struggled long for mastery. The fight, however, is now over: mossy turf and rushes run everywhere up and down the old potato ridges, patches of land that were once cultivated in wheat and rye grow beather high above the sunken banks which separated them. Heaps of stones, and here and there a bit of a wall, mark the spot where cabins once stood, and now and again some wretched hovel, its windows stuffed with dirty rags, and its thatched roof waving with long weeds, still proclaim that clinging to the soil in its dreariest aspects so characteristic of the Irish peasant. While all over these low foot hills that rise gradually to the base of the mountain, the wind whistles through the rushes and heather, the coarse grass and the broom, which covers the ruins of a once thick settlement; on the steeper slopes beyond green fields and larch plantings break at long intervals the brown wilderness that along the whole horizon meets the sky, and white-washed farm-houses, with grey stone barns, overhung with gnarled beeches, here and there at points wide asunder, save the landscape from being one of utter desolation.

M. RENAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.¹

LAST month we endeavoured to render some account of M. du Camp's *Souvenirs*, and to retrace in some sort the picture which he gives of French literary society during the last forty years. In taking up M. Renan's *Reminiscences of his Youth*, after M. du Camp, we find ourselves once more within the fascinating ground of French letters. But how different is our guide, and how remote are the paths through which he leads us, from those pleasant work-a-day roads along which M. du Camp beguiled his reader! The friend of Flaubert and of Gautier showed us the artist side of French life, and made us listen to the talk of people who would have died rather than moralise, to whom a fine phrase, an exquisite combination of images, was infinitely more valuable than all the philosophy of the philosophers, and who found politics, speculation, and science trivial beside the immortal attractions of sonorous verse or rhythmical prose. Paris again filled the canvas—Paris, with its *cafés*, its theatres, its scandals, and its coteries, varied only by pictures of the East, drawn now from the point of view of the archaeologist, now from that of the politician, every sketch illustrating the experiences or enforcing the opinions natural to the rich and well-bred man of the world. From this whirl of Parisian art and politics M. Renan's *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse* recall us to harsher and austerer things—to the solitudes of Breton heaths, to the ascetic routine of Catholic training, to the bitterness of the student's struggle to know and to understand, carried on as it so often is at the peril of what he loves. For the scene is laid either in rural

Brittany, or within the walls of a seminary, or in the garret of the scholar. And in place of a stream of literary or political anecdote, the whole stress of the book is laid upon the inner development of one mind, so that the subject of it may almost be summed up in a sentence: "How to account for the *Vie de Jésus*."

About the style indeed of the *Souvenirs* there is nothing harsh or austere. The argumentative portions are admirably clear, and in the earlier parts we could perhaps have wished for a little more severity of style. The first three chapters of M. Renan's book, indeed, taken together with the last, offer a curious illustration of the special dangers which surround that French art of writing we have all of us so much cause to admire. "A man will say but few solid things if he is always seeking to say extraordinary ones," said Vauvenargues long ago, and the saying applies with peculiar neatness and point to much of M. Renan's later style. He has come, as he frankly tells us, to be fully aware that what the general public reads him for is not so much his philosophy, or his scholarship, as for some magical power of phrasing which in him is natural and inborn. And whereas in the first days of his fame he was perpetually conscious that this gift of style was not without its dangers, and that a good writer should aim above all things at soberness and simplicity of statement, in the *Souvenirs* he has, as it were, allowed himself to cast away certain restraining influences, and has given full play to a power of words which in its own way is unrivalled. "At Paris," he tells us, "as soon as I had shown the little *carillon* which was in me, the world was pleased

¹ *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*. Par Ernest Renan. Paris: Calman Lévy.

with it, and so perhaps for my misfortune I have gone on ringing it ever since." Never indeed have the acute or musical or subtle changes of which the intricate mechanism of modern speech is capable, been better illustrated than in this remarkable autobiographical essay, and especially in its earlier chapters, and yet the whole result of many pages of complicated effort is too often disappointing. The simple sights and incidents of rural Brittany, at any rate, have very little congruity with all this cleverness; the separate portraits of sailor or peasant are too highly finished, the stories too delicately rounded, the lights and shadows too carefully distributed. And during those pauses for meditation, with which every description of an individual life is naturally interrupted, the artificiality in which even M. Renan's facts are steeped becomes more and more evident in the course of his comments upon them. For he has not employed those pauses, as we might perhaps have expected, upon topics which would have diverted the reader's attention from the book's main theme of Ernest Renan. On the contrary, he has used them for purposes of concentrated self-discussion and self-analysis, and never have his qualities of irony, of sentiment, of crisp startling assertion, been employed with greater lavishness than on these interludes of self-criticism. The prayer to Athene, written on the Acropolis; the review of his early education with which he closes the Breton souvenirs; and the close examination through which he puts himself in the last chapter of all, are instances of what a foreign public will certainly call bad taste. There is something in the northern mind, at any rate, that rebels against self-analysis of this dainty elaborated kind. With us a John Stuart Mill reviews his life in the same sincere and dignified spirit as that in which it has been lived. Carlyle's cry of remorse and passion reconciles us by

its rude truth to the faults of temper and taste which abound in him. Newman's *Apologia* has fallen into fine literary shape, as it were, unconsciously. Nobody can suppose that the writer's first aim was literary, or that he chose to describe the most intimate moments of his life and development because the subject suggested itself to him as one admirably susceptible of the finest literary treatment. But this is too much the impression left by certain portions of M. Renan's book. The three central chapters, indeed, are free from this drawback. Everything, or almost everything, in them was worth saying for its own sake, and the luminous brilliancy of the style has done nothing more than set off matter weighty in itself. But throughout the early reminiscences, and especially in the general meditation that fills up the last chapter, we are far too much conscious of the French artist with his eye on the public. The public indeed, M. Renan tells us, is itself to blame for all this posing. "It is here the grand corrupter. It encourages one to do evil; it leads the writer to commit faults for which it blames him afterwards, like the respectable *bourgeoisie* of former times, who applauded the actor, and at the same time excluded him from the church. '*Damne-toi, pourvu que tu nous amuses!*' Here is the feeling which lies too often at the bottom of the most flattering invitations of the public. One succeeds above all by one's defects. When I am well pleased with myself, I am approved by ten persons; when I let myself run into perilous confidences, where my literary conscience hesitates, and where my hand trembles, thousands implore me to go on."

And so, according to M. Renan, it is the public's fault that we have passages like this: "It is above all in character that I have remained essentially the pupil of my old masters. My life, when I go over it again,

seems to me a mere application of their qualities and their defects. Only these qualities and these defects brought out into the world have led to the most original dissonances. All is well that ends well, and the whole result of existence having been for me very agreeable, I amuse myself very often like Marcus Aurelius on the banks of the Gran, in counting up what I owe to the diverse influences that have crossed my life and have woven the tissue of it. Well, Saint-Sulpice has always seemed to me the principal factor among them. I speak of all this very much at my ease, for I have very little part in it. I was well brought up; that is all. My gentleness, which comes often from a fund of indifference; my indulgence, which is very sincere, and springs from my clear vision of the injustice of men towards each other; my conscientious methods, which are a pleasure to me; the infinite capacity I have for patience under boredom, the result perhaps of an inoculation of *ennui* in my youth so strong that I have remained impervious to it during the rest of my life;—all these are explained by the *milieu* in which I lived and the profound impressions I received from it. Since I left Saint-Sulpice I have done nothing but degenerate, and yet with the quarter of a Sulpician's virtues I have still been, I think, a good deal above the average."

Or again: "I have always been very unjust by instinct towards the *bourgeoisie*. On the other hand, I have a strong liking for the people, for the poor. *I alone, in my century, have been able to understand Jesus and Francis of Assisi.*"

This last sentence, which we have underlined, has already become famous. To our mind there is little to be said about it; perhaps the best comment upon it is another saying of Vauvenargues, an untranslatable saying, "*L'esprit ne nous garantit pas des sottises de notre humeur.*" M. Renan will find himself freely

accused of egotism, of blindness, of an audacious contempt for average opinion, so long as he allows himself to write in the tone which underlies these strange confessions. For ourselves, we are only anxious to insist that passages of this kind are literary *sottises*, blunders, in which a mood like M. Renan's, a mood so confident, so detached, so gay, finds its natural scourge.

So much the English critic can hardly help saying in protest against the less pleasant aspects of this curious book. But so great is M. Renan's charm that it is well to say these things to begin with and while the sense of them, so to speak, is still hot within one. The more one lingers over these pages, with their mixture of seriousness and gaiety, of sentiment and cynicism, the more one feels the spell of a nature which, in its worst defects, is still original and stimulating. No other French writer can claim to have moulded M. Renan, and he himself would have us believe that he is the least literary of men, and that both thought and style are, in him, the direct, inevitable product of two things—his race and his education.

Upon this matter of race he lays great stress. Pure Breton on his father's side, he had inherited from his mother a strain of Gascon blood, and thus to the romantic temper, the devotion, the tenacity of the Celt, fate had joined in him the quick mobility of the South. "I sprang" he says, "from the old idealist race in its purest form. In the district of Goëlo or Avaugour on the Trieux there is a place called the Ledano, because there the Trieux spreads out, and forms a lagoon before it falls into the sea. On the brink of the Ledano is a large farm called Keranbelac or Miskanbelac. There was the centre of the clan of Renan, honest people who had migrated from Cardigan under the guidance of Fragan about the year 480. They lived an obscure life there for thirteen hundred years, accumulating thoughts and sensations of

which the stored-up capital has fallen to me. I feel that I think for them, and that they live in me. Not one of these respectable people ever tried their hand at making money; they were therefore always poor. My incapacity for malice, even for the appearance of it, comes from them. They knew only two kinds of occupation, how to cultivate the soil, and how to venture themselves and their boats among the estuaries and rocky archipelagoes, formed by the Trieux at its mouth." Ernest Renan's grandfather left the country home of the clan for Tréguier shortly before the revolution. Tréguier is a little seaport town, owing its foundation to one of the many Celtic monasteries by which in the fifth century so much of Armorica was civilised. Before the revolution it had a bishopric and innumerable convents. The revolution dispersed the convents, and the bishopric was suppressed by the Concordat. But the conventual buildings of the place were unfit for anything but ecclesiastical uses, and when Ernest Renan was a boy, by the help of a church college which had established itself in the old seminary, and of various religious associations which had taken fresh possession of the deserted convents, the place was almost as monastic and as much separated from the world as it had been under the ancient *régime*. All about it spread the Breton country, in wild solitudes of heather, studded with chapels and shrines in whose ritual certain older cults still penetrated through the Christian disguises which had been imposed upon them; or with farm houses, in some of which lingered the last traces of the old tribal nobility, the clan aristocracy of the soil, whose mere existence seemed to link the Brittany of the restoration with an immemorial antiquity. The little old-world town with its granite cathedral, the neighbourhood where all the peasant population lived in an atmosphere of dreams "as deeply penetrated almost with mythological fancies as that of Benares

or Jagatnata," the beliefs of his family, the lessons of the old priests who taught him—all these things left an ineffaceable impression upon the delicate last born child of the Renans. Only one thing is missing in the vivid, perhaps too vivid, picture, which M. Renan has drawn for us of his childhood in the volume now before us. It is the figure, the noble and sympathetic figure, of his sister. And yet no constant reader of M. Renan can be ignorant of the part played in his career by the devoted Henriette, whose death in 1860 has been the one great grief in a peculiarly tranquil life. Twenty years ago indeed M. Renan wrote a short monograph on his sister "for those who had known her." It was privately printed and circulated only among the author's personal friends. In issuing the present volume of *Souvenirs*, M. Renan tells us that he was strongly tempted to bind up with them the monograph of 1862, but finally decided against publishing it until after his death, when it will be reprinted with additions. The decision is to be regretted, for in this beautiful essay of some eighty pages there is little, if anything, more intimate or confidential than is contained in the *Souvenirs* now given to the world. And published side by side with these papers the earlier record with its quiet simplicity and pathos would have corrected and disarmed many a harsh judgment that may perhaps be passed on the later.

M. Renan will scarcely quarrel with us if we make some use of this rare little book to complete the picture he has recently traced for us. Its beauty and sacredness are such that in face of the determination of the author to withhold it for some time longer from the public, much direct quotation from it would carry us beyond our rights; but here and there, at least, one may gather details from it which can serve no other purpose than to widen the range of our sympathies for the writer. It is in these pages that one finds the pretty picture of the elder

sister of seventeen conveying the small brother of five to church on winter evenings, hidden from the weather under her long cloak: "What a delight it was to me to trample the snow, thus sheltered on every side!" or the pathetic story of Henriette's tears over Ernest's threadbare clothes, and of the girl's resolution to be through life, as far as she could, his protector from poverty and hardship. Henriette Renan seems to us to have had a good deal of the temper of the Brontës in her. Like them she sprang from a strong and taciturn stock; her reserve, like theirs, was but the mask of affections all the stronger for habitual repression; and her nature too was at once apt for the widest intellectual freedom and tempered to the lowliest offices of human service. Upon her brother she seems to have exercised through life a supporting and guiding influence. She was content to sit beside him through long hours of silence while he worked, content to labour for him with hand or head, now making notes for him on Gothic art, or criticising his proofs, and now bending all her woman's ingenuity to the wants of the frugal household, which, but for her savings and her economy, could scarcely have existed. And she had her reward—in the formation and permanence of one of those beautiful ties, detached alike from passion and from interest, which are the fruits of self-forgetting and of noble aims pursued in common.

But this is anticipating. We must return to the Tréguier school and the effect of its training upon the young Renan. The teaching there was admirably solid, but, of course, very limited in range. "We made a great many Latin verses; but since the poem on *Religion* of the younger Racine, it was not admitted that any French poetry had existed. The name of Lamartine was pronounced with a smile of ridicule; the existence of Victor Hugo was unknown. To write French verse would have been considered a most dangerous practice,

and would probably have led to expulsion. History and natural science were equally ignored. On the other hand, we were carried on tolerably far in mathematics, for which I developed a passion." As soon as the boy began to show his natural aptitude for books, his vocation, as it were, determined itself. In that romantic Breton world, commerce or the professions or any lucrative employment were regarded as good only for those who could do nothing better. For a boy with intelligence, there opened inevitably the nobler way of the priesthood. Ernest Renan's docile, dreamy nature took the direction given to it without the slightest difficulty. "Persuaded by my masters of two absolute truths: in the first place, that a man who respects himself will only labour for an ideal end, that everything else is secondary, inferior, almost disgraceful, *ignominia seculi*; and in the second, that the ideal is summed up in Christianity, it was inevitable that I should regard myself as destined for the priesthood. The possibility of a secular career did not even enter my head. My masters became my models, and I had no other ambition than to be, like them, professor at the Tréguier college, poor, without worldly cares, esteemed and respected as they were."

"And I should have made an excellent priest," says M. Renan, with gentle complacency. "I should have been indulgent, paternal, charitable, irreproachable. My flock would have loved me as my family has done, and I should have made my authority as little disagreeable to them as possible. At twenty-two I should have been professor at Tréguier, at fifty a canon, perhaps grand-vicar at Saint Brieuc, an excellent man, much esteemed, a good and safe director. I should have showed my dislike for the Jesuits by never speaking of them. Like many another good ecclesiastic, I should have set a watch over my lips on the subject of the Vatican council, and an inner fund of Gallicanism would have disguised itself under cover of a

profound knowledge of the canon law! As it is," he complains, "*Je suis un prêtre manqué*—my faults are priest's faults; my virtues are the virtues of my early training."

As for the critics who have found a subject for wonder in the fact that Catholicism should ever have reigned supreme over the author of the *Vie de Jésus*, M. Renan points out satirically that Christianity is not such mere child's play as the ordinary Frenchman believes. "Because a Parisian *gamin* puts aside with a jest, beliefs from which the intellect of a Pascal did not succeed in breaking free, one need not conclude that 'Gavroche' is superior to Pascal. Sometimes, I confess, it has humiliated me to feel that it took me five or six years of ardent research—Hebrew, the Semitic languages, Gesenius, Ewald—all just to arrive at the result which this little urchin reaches at a bound. These pilings up of Ossa upon Pelion appear to me then like a huge illusion. But Father Hardouin said that he had not got up at four o'clock in the morning for forty years only to think like the rest of the world at the end of it. And I, too, cannot admit that I gave myself so much trouble to fight a mere *chimera bombinans*. No, I cannot believe that my labours were all vain, nor that in theology one can be so cheaply right as the laughers think. In reality few persons have the right to disbelieve in Christianity. I reproach myself sometimes," he adds, recalling the sceptical village politician of Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, "for having contributed to the triumph of M. Homais over his curé. *Que voulez-vous?* It is M. Homais that is right. Without M. Homais we should all have been burnt alive. But I repeat, when one has given one's self a great deal of trouble to discover the truth, one feels it hard to confess that it is the frivolous persons, the persons who have made up their minds never to read St. Augustine nor St. Thomas Aquinas, who are the true wise men. Gavroche and M. Homais arriv-

ing all in a moment, and with so little trouble at the last word of philosophy!—one finds it hard to accept."

A curious passage, instinct with that jealousy of shallowness so natural to the scholar. But, after all, to whom does Gavroche owe his confidence or M. Homais his arguments? Both are the playthings of the *Zeitgeist*, and the *Zeitgeist* is the result of the accumulated labour of generations, from the Fathers to M. Renan. It is the same with every secret of science; yesterday it was the property of the student, to-day every street Arab is as much master of it as he. M. Renan has been the teacher of Gavroche, let him shrink from his pupil as he may.

In 1836 Ernest Renan carried off all the prizes of his class in the college of Tréguier. Accident brought his success under the notice of M. Dupanloup, then the newly appointed head of the old seminary of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet, and the result was an offer of a scholarship to be held at the seminary. St. Nicolas, however, in the eyes of its director, was much more than a clerical training college. The young aristocratic abbé, who had made his *début* in life, so to speak, with the death-bed conversion of M. de Talleyrand, was full of projects for the social elevation of the clergy, and to this end St. Nicolas was to become under him half-secular, half-clerical. His ideal was to make it a meeting-ground of classes, under the shelter of the Church. The children of the most aristocratic families in Paris, destined for the highest positions in the state, were to learn there side by side with the peasant, whose highest ambition was to become a priest, and within the walls of St. Nicolas itself no privileges but those of talent were to be recognised. Thus the aristocracy was to give the Church of its polish, in return for the edification to be gained from such close contact with things spiritual, while noble and peasant alike were to be civilised by a liberal education, in which Virgil should count almost for as much as the Bible, and

the arts of expression should be placed on a level only second to that of the Christian virtues. It was an interesting experiment, and none but M. Dupanloup could have carried it successfully through. But his fine tact, his personal charm, his literary eminence, made him such a power in the life of his pupils that all went well so long as he was there to inspire or to blame. The house had no punishments: every week the notes were read out and commented on by the superior, and each of the two hundred boys looked forward to this weekly ordeal with unflinching anxiety and eagerness. The tone of the house was far more literary than theological; it stood open, as it were, to the noise of Paris, and the great literary debate of the time—classic or romantic—swept through it without impediment. "For the rest, my Breton Christianity," says M. Renan, "was no more like what I found at St. Nicolas than a piece of old linen, hardened with use, is like delicate cambric. It was not the same religion. My old priests, with their heavy-hooded cloaks, appeared to me like magi having the words of eternity; what was now presented to me was a religion of muslin and calico, a be-ribbed and scented piety, a devotion of tiny wax candles and tiny pots of flowers, a theology for young ladies, without solidity or precision." But the first home-sickness over, the first revolt of the Breton against the Parisian temperament appeased, Ernest Renan learnt much from his new life. It gave him quickness, and those literary weapons without which a writer has no chance of success in the struggle to be heard; and it opened glimpses to him of the width of the world, which stirred the sensitive many-fibred nature in ways hitherto unknown to it. Between himself and Dupanloup there sprang up a bond of personal friendship based mainly on the devotion of both to their mothers. His affection for his mother meant to the Breton youth affection for the

whole remote and simple world in which he had been brought up, and the same feeling lay at the heart of M. Dupanloup's busy and brilliant life. "It was from him," says M. Renan, "that I learnt certain excellent rules which, indeed, I had always practised, such as that one should never *tutoyer* one's mother, and never finish a letter to her without bringing in the word 'respect.'" On this common ground of feeling the two minds came into living contact with each other. "I began to exist for him, and he was for me, what he was for all—a principle of life, a sort of god."

But at the end of his three years at St. Nicolas the young Renan was already wearied of what he calls the "superficial humanism" of the training given there. The literary element in him had been forced on prematurely, the scientific element was in danger of starving. Christianity, in spite of the modifying and chilling influences of Paris, was still to him the great fact of the world and of his own inner nature. But how was he to make himself, so to speak, a specialist in Christianity? How was the vast fabric of its past and present life to be scientifically studied? The methods of the great and exclusively clerical seminary of St. Sulpice provided the answer, and it was with gladness of heart that the Breton scholar entered there upon four years of incessant labour, to be devoted to two subjects only—theology and the Bible. The two chapters in which he has traced the history of these four years will live, we imagine, as long as anything that M. Renan has written. For they carry us with an extraordinary clearness and moderation of statement through an experience which is typical of our time, and which with varying degrees of elaboration reproduces itself among us day by day in the most different lives. No literary instance at any rate can be pointed out of such complete investigation of the Christian claims, followed by such complete rejection of

them. M. Renan indeed has remained Christian in feeling and in temper; his modes of thought are still to a great extent religious, and his philosophy is nothing if not spiritualist. But the result upon him of seven years close study of the Christian system from the Christian point of view, was the formation of the habit of mind which produced the *Origines du Christianisme*, and which is expressed with all possible frankness and concentration in passages like the following: "The effect upon me of learning German was," he says, "very great. I felt myself in contact with a new genius, altogether different from that of our seventeenth century, and I admired it all the more that I did not at first perceive its limits. The individualist spirit so rife in Germany at the end of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the nineteenth century, seemed to offer me what I sought, the reconciliation of the religious with the critical temper. I regretted at times that I was not a Protestant, so that I might have been philosophical without ceasing to be Christian. But in the end I recognised that it is only the Catholics who are logical. One single error proves that a church is not infallible; one single weak part proves that a book is not revealed. Outside of rigorous orthodoxy, I saw finally nothing possible but the free thought of the French eighteenth century school. Thus my initiation into German studies placed me in a false situation; for on the one side it showed me the impossibility of an exegesis without concessions; on the other I saw perfectly well that my masters at St. Sulpice were right in not making concessions, since one single avowal of mistake ruins the edifice of absolute truth, and brings it down to the rank of human authorities, from which each may make his choice according to his personal tastes."

Again: "Supposing that among the thousand skirmishes which occur between the critic and the orthodox apologist as to the details of the

so-called sacred text, there are some, where by accident and in the teeth of appearances, the apologist is right: it is impossible that he should be right in a thousand ventures of the same kind, and it is enough that he should be wrong in one single instance to annihilate altogether the thesis of inspiration.—The reasons which led me to abandon my old position," he impresses upon us in effect, "were not philosophical or moral. They were all of them literary and critical. If it had not been for the contradictions between the fourth Gospel and the Synoptics, I should have troubled myself very little about the Syllabus or Philip II.; if it had not been for the conclusions at which I arrived on the subject of the Pentateuch and Jewish prophecy, none of the philosophical objections which have been so often raised against this or that Christian doctrine would have stood at all in my way."

As for what calls itself liberal Catholicism, M. Renan, here as elsewhere cannot find words strong enough to express his contempt. "One of the worst intellectual dishonesties," he says, "is to play upon words, to present Christianity as imposing scarcely any sacrifice on the reason, and by the help of this artifice to attract to it people who do not know to what they are really pledging themselves. There is the illusion of the so-called liberal Catholics. Knowing neither theology nor exegesis they turn Christian membership into a mere adhesion to a coterie. They take and they leave; they accept one dogma and reject another, and are indignant when one insists that they are not true Catholics. Whoever has gone through his theology is no longer capable of such a want of logic. As all rests for him upon the infallible authority of Scripture and the Church, there is no room left for choice. One single dogma abandoned, one single teaching of the Church rejected, is the negation of the Church and of Revelation."

It was thus a close and scientific study of the Christian texts and of the whole system of the Christian evidence that led M. Renan to throw up the career which had been his ambition since childhood. Certainly if any man ever had a right to appeal to the circumstances surrounding an important decision in his life, as proving the disinterested character of the motives which led to it, he had such a right. He came to St. Sulpice with every prospect of rising high in a profession to which his gifts and temperament seemed to have destined him from the beginning. He left it to begin the hard struggle of the scholar's life, oppressed by his mother's lamentations, and conscious of the ambiguous and difficult position reserved for the priest who has thrown over the priesthood in all Catholic countries. From any violent rebound of feeling, from any bitterness against his former ideals, he was protected by two things—the ardour of his own passion for knowledge, and a certain generous and grateful quality of nature in him. His clerical teachers, however they might have failed to impress him intellectually, had won his affections, and it would seem that he also had won theirs. In the autumn of 1845, when he had made up his mind irrevocably, he went to see M. Dupanloup and frankly explained to him the state of the case. "The scientific side escaped him altogether; when I talked to him of German criticism he was surprised. The philological works of M. Le Hir were almost unknown to him. The Scriptures in his eyes were only useful for providing preachers with eloquent passages, an object for which the study of Hebrew is of no profit at all. But what a good, what a great and noble heart! I have here under my eyes a little note written by him. 'Do you want any money? it would be natural enough in your situation. My poor purse is at your service. I wish I could offer you more precious things. My offer—a very simple one—will not hurt you, I hope.'"

At the moment when Ernest Renan descended for the last time the steps of St. Sulpice, his sister Henriette was enduring a long exile in Poland. She had taken a post as governess in a Polish private family about the year 1840, as a means of paying off by her savings certain of her father's debts, which had long been a burden on their widowed mother. Religious and ascetic by nature, she had nevertheless attained long before her brother to an advanced Liberalism in opinion, and the news of Ernest's determination was very welcome to her. At the critical moment she sent him a small sum out of her savings, which enabled him to settle with a tranquil heart in the modest *pension* to which he betook himself after leaving St. Sulpice. "That fifty pounds has been the corner-stone of my life," M. Renan writes in the monograph we have already described; "I have never spent them, but they gave me the peace of mind necessary for thinking at my ease, and dispensed me from overloading myself with drudgery that would have stifled me. Her exquisite letters, too, at this decisive moment of my life, were my consolation and support." A few years later the brother and sister met at Berlin, and travelled back to Paris together to begin a common life. We prefer to dwell a little upon the beautiful description of it given in the memoir, to following M. Renan through the dangerous confidences and confessions of the last chapter of the *Souvenirs*. The two rented a little *appartement* at the bottom of a garden in an out-of-the-way part of Paris, and devoted themselves there to a life of thought, of labour, of frugality, that will recall to the English reader the memory of William and Dorothy Wordsworth in their Dorsetshire cottage. How indispensable in one shape or another is this introductory withdrawal from the world, for all those who in the end are to influence it deeply! Think of Milton at Horton, of Wordsworth at Racedown, of Carlyle at Craigen-

puttoch,—in each case the same spiritual need, the same expedient for satisfying it. During the quiet years of their joint household Ernest Renan and his sister followed the old paths and found in them the old joys. The life of ideas, of wholesome and fruitful effort, brought with it its own reward, and one may well linger over the picture in this age of excitement and restlessness.

"We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
And pass both tropics and behold the poles;
When we come home are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own souls."

From all this frivolous struggle to outshine and to enjoy, these two French people, with an instinct rare in the French character, withdrew themselves so far as they could, and it is to the simplicity of life thus founded, the nobility of temper thus fostered, that M. Renan owes more than to anything else his unique position in French thought. Many have been the critics of Christian orthodoxy, but few indeed have criticised it with the urbanity, the dignity, the reasonableness of M. Renan. And it is this urbanity, this dignity, this reasonableness which have been his strength, and may well make us indulgent towards those less admirable qualities which years of uninterrupted popular success have perhaps lately tended to develop in him.

Alas! the quiet Parisian household to which the addition of wife and child had only brought a deeper happiness, was not to be long undisturbed by loss and death. In May, 1860, Napoleon III. intrusted to M. Renan an archæological and exploring mission in the ancient Phœnicia, and he left France for Syria with his wife and sister. Madame Renan was obliged before long to return to her children, and the brother and sister were left together. Henriette had never shown herself more active or more helpful. She was capable of riding eight or ten hours a day, and

her intimate knowledge of her brother's methods of work made her the most valuable of secretaries. The flowery Syrian spring, the wide horizons, the radiant air, enchanted her. "When I showed her for the first time from Kasyoun above Lake Huleh all the region of the Upper Jordan, and in the distance the basin of Lake Genesareth, the cradle of Christianity, she said to me that I had repaid her for everything by bringing her there. Our long wanderings in that beautiful district, always in sight of Hermon, with its deep ravines drawn in lines of snow against the azure sky, have remained in my memory like dreams of another world."

For the later summer they settled at Ghazir, a little town high up on the Lebanon range overlooking the Bay of Kesrouan. Here the *Vie de Jésus* was begun and carried on from day to day, under the stimulating influence of all that they had seen and were still seeing. "Henriette was my confidant day by day as the work went on, and as soon as I had finished a page she copied it by stealth. 'I shall love this book of yours,' she would say to me, 'first because we have done it together, and next because it pleases me.' Never had her mood been so lofty. In the evening we walked together on our terrace under the starlight, and she poured out to me thoughts full of tact and profundity, some of which were like revelations to me. Her happiness was complete, and these were no doubt the sweetest moments of her life."

By the 17th of September they were at Amschit, a day's journey from Ghazir on some business connected with the mission, and Henriette had shown some signs of illness. By the 19th she was worse, and Ernest Renan himself had been attacked with similar symptoms to hers. A few more hours and both were in the full grip of Syrian fever. "Our night was terrible; but that of my poor sister seems to have been less painful than mine,

for I remember that in the morning she had still strength to say to me, 'All your night seems to have been one groan!' By the morning of the 25th, Henriette Renan was dead, and her brother lying unconscious beside her, knew nothing of her last hours. She died alone.—"*Dieu n'a voulu pour elle que les grands et âpres sentiers.*"

The mind, fortified with orthodox beliefs, will naturally ask—What was M. Renan's consolation under a blow like this? How does his philosophy fit in with grief, that mysterious universal experience against which Christianity alone has ever ventured to measure itself with confidence? Well, the consideration in which M. Renan takes comfort will not perhaps count for much with such a questioner beside the certainties of Christian expectation. Nevertheless they are real and potent. Every year such thoughts as these are telling more and more upon human life; their form grows less shadowy, their meaning deeper. "Her memory remains with me as a precious argument of those eternal truths which every virtuous life helps to demonstrate. For myself, I have never doubted the reality of the moral order; but I see now with absolute conviction that all the logic of the system of the universe would be overthrown, if such lives were only illusion and mistake." "*For myself I have never doubted the reality of the moral order:*" these words, which form, as it were, a conclusion to the memoir of one in whom the effort after moral perfection had gathered to itself all the passion and warmth of religious feeling, may serve as the epitome of all that is positive in M. Renan's belief. The high purpose and destiny of the human conscience, the reality of moral ends, here are the two articles of his creed. Instead of dwelling on

the tranquil optimism with which in the *Souvenirs* he concludes his review of what he calls "my charming promenade across reality," let us turn back, before we part with him, to earlier and graver utterances of his, more worthy of the thinker who has played so important a part in the progress of modern speculation. "There is one thought," he wrote in 1859, "which I place far above opinions and hypothesis; it is that morality is the serious and true thing *par excellence*, and that it suffices by itself to give life a meaning and an end. Impenetrable veils conceal from us the secret of this strange world, of which the reality at once awes and overwhelms us; philosophy and science will for ever pursue, without attaining it, the formula of this Proteus, which no reason can measure, which no language can express. But there is one indubitable basis which no scepticism can shake, and in which man will find to the end of time the one fixed point of his uncertainties: goodness is goodness, evil is evil. Science and criticism in my eyes are secondary things beside the necessity of preserving the tradition of goodness. I am more convinced than ever that the moral life corresponds to an *object*. If the end of life were happiness merely, there would be no reason for distinguishing the destiny of man from that of inferior beings. But it is not so; *morality* is not synonymous with *the art of being happy*. As soon as sacrifice becomes a duty and a need for man, I see no limit to the horizon which opens before me. Like the perfumes from the islands of the Erythrean sea, which floated over the surface of the waters, and lured the mariner on, this divine instinct is to me an augury of an unknown land, and a messenger of the infinite."

M. A. W.

THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

FISHING was a far earlier mode of supporting human life than agriculture. However far back in the stream of terrestrial events we may suppose it allowable to carry the date of man's appearance on the scene, still he must have been preceded by fish. The rivers, lakes, and seas, when he first looked upon them, must have been peopled very much as they are at this day. There was as great a variety of species, and probably much the same infinitude of individuals in some of those species. And as a savage population must be always sparse, and in any locality few in number, their supply of food from this source could only have been limited by their inability to capture it. What the wild game of the forest and of the open plains were to the inland hunting tribes, the fish of the fresh and of the salt water were to the riverine and maritime tribes. Between these early days and the first beginnings of agriculture vast periods of time must have elapsed. First because in these, and more or less in all latitudes, nature offered to man no plant that in its unimproved state was worth cultivating. The suitable form had to be evolved or created by long processes of observation and selection. This is why we know nothing of the parentage of wheat, barley, oats, rye, beans, or maize; and why the tropical bread-fruit, plantain, banana, and sugar-cane have lost the power of producing seed, and so of reproducing themselves; this must have been a result of long ages of human selection. Nothing of the kind had to be done for fish. There it was as fit for human food on the first day that man stood on the river bank, or the sea shore, as it is at this day. Agriculture also required implements to clear and stir the ground, and to gather in the crops with; and these

implements we know were the result of a long series of discoveries, improvements and advances. Primeval man, therefore, as we now read his history, could not have lived by, or known anything of, agriculture. Nor could he have lived by wild fruits, for they are not continuous throughout the year. They have their season, and that a brief one. He must then have lived by hunting and fishing; and of the two fishing would be the most continuous and unailing throughout the changing seasons; the most valuable of all qualities for those ill-supplied times. It would not be more difficult to hook, and spear, and net, and trap fish, and to gather mollusks from the rocks and sandbanks, than to trap, or pierce with arrows, wild game. Our immediate comparison, however, is with agriculture; and we may be sure that not in it were the foundations of society laid, but in hunting and fishing; and that of these two, as the great carnivores at first had possession of the forest and of the plain against intruding man, fishing was the main primeval occupation and means of subsistence.

Virgil notes that it was their wants that sharpened the wits of mankind (*curis acuens mortalia corda*). There is no inquiry more interesting, or indeed that we are more concerned in, than that of how the human mind has grown to be what it is in ourselves. The fishing, which was an initial, and a very long stage in man's career, has had much to do with this growth. The ingenuity in adapting means to ends, and the patience required in the fisherman, when he had to go without food if he could not catch fish, was one of the earliest, most general, and most powerful stimulants of his mental development. He had to elaborate the idea of the hook and line, and of the net, while

as yet there were no materials-for them except for the hook, wood and bone, or for the net but the intestines of animals, strips of leather, and some very poor vegetable fibres. To work out the conception of these instruments with nothing to start from except a knowledge of the existence of the fish, and to put them into form with no other materials than those just mentioned, required much observation and thought. Here was the first human training that mind received. The habits of the fish had to be carefully noted, and the instruments nicely adjusted to the conditions under which they had to be used. Another mental quality this early pursuit drew out and established was that of patience, both patience in waiting, and patience under exposure to heat, and cold, and wet.

After a time a further step was taken; there arose in the mind the thought of pursuing the fish on their own element, at a distance from the bank, or the shore. This must have been first attempted on a log of wood; then on two or more logs fitted and tied together, which would be a kind of raft; then on a burnt-out, or dug-out trunk, which would be a canoe. We are thinking, by the aid of what may still be observed of the ingenuity of savages, and by the light that can be derived from prehistoric archaeology, of what were the attempts of the primeval savage to extend the area of his fishing, in times prior to the possession of iron tools. Some, instead of using the trunk of the tree, may, like the North American Indians, have used its bark; others, like the Irish, may have constructed their boats of hides; others of the skins of seals, like the Eskimo. Here was a very fruitful germ. It was not commerce that set man afloat on the waters. We are looking back into times long antecedent to the first beginnings of commerce. When in a very distant future the time for commerce shall have come, the vessels, and the men to navigate them it will

require, will be ready for it. It will not have to invent the one, or to train the other. The fishing craft step by step elaborated, and the knowledge of how to manage their vessels slowly accumulated by the fishermen of the antecedent periods, will be the machinery of transport for nascent commerce. Its first essays, therefore, were made in undecked vessels, drawn up on the beach at night and in bad weather. Between them and the ocean shipping of our day the distance is great, the steps are many. The first step, however, of all was taken by the primeval fisherman. His log and his dug-out have had in an ever-ascending order a goodly progeny. The starting point was in him. He originated what those who came after him, as the conditions of their times required and permitted, only enlarged.

In looking on the early stages of the art and industry of fishing, as far as we can recover its history from what may be found in caves and shell-mounds, we see everywhere all over the earth that, however much men may have differed in the conditions of their lives, and in their climatic and other surroundings, they hit upon the same contrivances for capturing their scaly prey. Everywhere there was an adaptation of the idea of the hook and line, and of the net which would allow the water to pass but not the fish. Among all tribes of men in all latitudes these were the primitive ideas and practices. Then came the contrivances for floating and moving on the water ending in the canoe. Since those days many discoveries, many advances have been made; command has been acquired over many new materials. The primitive ideas and practices, however, have not been departed from. The hook and line and the net are still the universal implements of the fisherman. This sameness, however, in the apparatus amongst all people, which in the Exhibition is almost wearisome, has its interest and instruction. It shows the identity of mind, and as mind is almost man, the

identity of the race. All, under the most diverse circumstances, have dealt with the same problem in the same fashion. The iteration in gallery after gallery of nets and hooks, and of hooks and nets, goes some way towards establishing unity as against plurality of origin in mankind.

It is also interesting, and somewhat of a corrective to modern pride, to see that the devices adopted by our earliest and rudest ancestors in this matter, have throughout all times been maintained, and are still practised by ourselves. We have not worked out anything better than their original thought. Just so has it been with many other matters of primary importance. It was our prehistoric ancestors who subdued to the use of man the ox, the sheep, the pig, the horse, the dog. We are still benefited by their thought, their inexhaustible patience, and their success. In this matter we have added nothing. So with the plants they selected and improved by cultivation. So again with the arts of spinning and weaving. In all these master arts of life we are only doing to-day what was done before even traditional history begins. Some of these processes we can carry on with greater ease and rapidity. This is all we can claim. For the idea of the thing, for thinking out how it was to be done, we are indebted to our remote unknown predecessors. We are as much indebted to them for all these essential arts as we are for our language.

It would have very much added to the interest and instructiveness of the Exhibition, if a page had been put in circulation on which were tabulated the estimated magnitude and value of the fisheries of the different countries of the world, and the number of hands they severally employ. Some particulars of this kind we will endeavour to extract from the notices contained in the Official Catalogue, adding as we go along such comments as the matter before us may seem to require. Professor Leone Levi, on page 102, tells

us that the fishermen of the United Kingdom number 120,000 men, and that the value of the fish they capture is 11,000,000*l*. By these 120,000 men he means those actually afloat and engaged in fishing, for he says that with their dependants, by which I suppose he means women and children, they give a population of 400,000. To these, when we are estimating the fishing industry of the country, must be added all the people engaged in building and equipping their boats, and in providing them with salt, barrels, &c., and in transporting and distributing the fish. This may go some way towards doubling the numbers already given. But as fuel, clothing, food, and houses are as necessary for fishermen as their boats and nets, and as the people who supply them with these necessities are as dependent on the fish taken as the fishermen themselves, they too must be added to our total of those who are maintained by our fisheries. This will in all give about 1,000,000 souls, or three per cent. of the population of the United Kingdom. Of this calculation, however, only the foundation, or the 120,000 men afloat and employed in fishing, is actually ascertained by enumeration. This is about as many as the effectives of the British army, and nearly three times the number of the seamen in the British navy.

How Professor Leone Levi obtained the 11,000,000*l*, he gives as the value of the fish taken in the British and Irish fisheries, he does not tell us. When in Scotland last year I was told that the take of the previous year had been sold for 2,250,000*l*. Of this 800,000*l*. had been taken at the fishing towns on the Aberdeenshire coast, which is a sum greater than the assessed rental of the whole county. Those of us whose memories go back to the days of old Smithfield Market will recollect that it used then to be said that more money was paid for fish at Billingsgate than for cattle and sheep at Smithfield. But this was

before London had grown to its present vastness, and when Billingsgate was in a greater degree than it is now the fish market for the whole country.

It would be interesting to know the rank of the different fish in the order of value. I suppose the herring, the poor man's fish, would rank first. The Scotch sometimes export more than 1,000,000 barrels in a year. To this we must add what are reserved in Scotland for home consumption, and then the whole of the English herring fishery, the produce of which, as fresh herrings, bloaters, and red herrings, is, I suppose, mainly consumed in this country. Possibly the fish that would occupy the second place would not be cod or mackerel, but the sole, which is in season all the year, is a general favourite, and is seen in every fish shop in every town almost without fail every day, excepting when a continuance of bad weather has put a stop to trawling. Our two most expensive fish, salmon and turbot, would, I suppose, in their respective aggregates, on account of the relative smallness of their supply, fall below cod.

To the fish already mentioned a great many other names must be added to complete the list of our common sorts—whiting, smelts, pollack, eels, halibut, skate, sprats, john dories, pilchards, gurnets, haddock, ling, bass, red and grey mullet, not to mention trout, or any other fresh-water fish. In Yarrell's work on English fish two hundred and twenty-one species are figured and described. Far the greater part of these are gastronomically and economically useless. But the number shows how well adapted the seas which surround us are to fish life.

While endeavouring to form an estimate of our fisheries, we must not omit our mollusks and crustaceans—lobsters, shrimps, prawns, cockles, periwinkles, pinpatches, mussels, crabs, oysters. Most of these are taken in surprising quantities, but in none probably does the supply reach the

demand. I do not know how many Norwegian lobsters are added yearly to the produce of our own coasts, but fifty years ago Yarrell mentioned that we took 1,000,000 of them annually from the Dutch, who had caught them on the coast of Norway. One would like to know what the supply of shrimps reaches. This is the luxury of the million, and especially of the wives of the million. The poor woman, who after a day's or a week's hard work, thinks some little addition to her tea-table allowable, generally indulges herself in a pint of shrimps. Last year we took 2,650,500 pounds of shrimps from the Dutch.

The supply of oysters has long been deplorably deficient, and there appears no probability of our ever again being able to obtain what we require from our own resources. Sixteen years ago, after a visit to the United States, during which I had seen how apparently inexhaustible is the abundance of this mollusk along their eastern and southern coasts, I suggested that we might draw upon them for supplementing our failing supply. Three years ago we paid them 70,000*l.* for fresh oysters. But this source of supply is not to be depended on, for in the States the mass of the people are so well off, and the population increases so rapidly—the yearly addition being now above 2,000,000 souls—that they may themselves, before many years have passed, consume all that their coasts can yield.

Our opposite neighbours, the French, the Dutch, the Danes, the Norwegians, and Swedes, in the matter of fisheries participate in our advantages, but not to an equal extent, for though they more or less fish in the same kind of water as ourselves, yet they have not, as we have, a northern, a southern, and an eastern coast, in addition to a western. They have a one-sided, we a four-sided fishing ground. Still they make a great deal of their scantier advantages.

The French are very successful fishermen. Boulogne, as many of us

know, is great in fishing. It need not fear comparison with Yarmouth, Grimsby, Whitby, Scarborough, or Filey. Unfortunately the French can hardly be said to have put in an appearance at South Kensington. Since their great catastrophe they have shown great backwardness in coming forward in such matters as exhibitions, or indeed in any way, with the exception just now of filibustering in the China seas, and round about Africa, in places where they suppose—but in defiance of the possibilities of the coveted regions—that they will be able to establish profitable colonies. Their home fisheries are worth to them more than all these expected conquests are ever likely to prove. In 1881 they supported 80,875 fishermen, who had 22,125 vessels, of an aggregate capacity of 150,000 tons. To these their report adds 55,485 riparians, men, women, and children, who have to assist in the fishing operations from the shore. The produce of their fishing for 1880 was valued at 87,000,000 francs. In 1881 it was somewhat less through a falling off in the take of sardines. Their oyster fishing is worth 18,000,000 francs a year.

The amphibious Dutch are bad to beat on land or water, but particularly on the water. Two or three centuries ago they were the boldest, most ingenious, and most successful fishermen in the world. Amsterdam, their great trading port, was said to have been built on herring bones. For their export of salt herrings, and the wealth it brought them, they were indebted to one Wilhelm Beukelzoon, a native of Biervliet. What he discovered was a method of so salting the herrings that they might be packed in barrels for exportation, for of course it was not to him first of all men that the idea of salting herrings occurred. Three centuries before his day the herring fisheries of the Baltic are mentioned, and in some way or other their produce must have been salted; and in 1290 dried her-

rings, which must have been previously salted, are mentioned among the articles used in victualing a vessel sent from Yarmouth to Norway. What the immortal Beukelzoon hit upon appears to have been the happy idea, not to dry them, but to pickle them in moist salt, and so pack them in bulk in barrels, with the certainty that they would remain untainted. This was a speedily effected and cheap process, and the result was a much cheaper and much better article. The great man died A.D. 1449, and was buried in his native town of Biervliet, and a grateful country decreed a statue to his memory. Nearly a century afterwards the biggest potentate the world had seen since the days of the Roman Cæsars, the great Emperor Charles V., having capacity enough to understand how much pickled herrings had done for the Netherlands, went on a pilgrimage to this tomb at Biervliet. But we cannot suppose that he went so far in his thoughts as to compare the effects Beukelzoon's discovery had had upon his country with the effects his own ambition, high politics, and wars had had upon Europe; or that he asked himself which of the two, the herring curer or the emperor, had been the greatest benefactor to mankind?

The Dutch now take in the North Sea somewhat over 200,000,000 herrings annually. These are salted and barrelled according to old Beukelzoon's receipt. They also take about 50,000,000 a year in the Zuider Zee. These, for the most part, are sold fresh. But these figures are insignificant compared with those of the Scotch herring fishery, the export of which is 1,000,000 barrels or at least 700,000,000 fish. The Dutch have also a very large anchovy fishery in the Zuider Zee, which employs 1,200 boats, and in a good year gives 70,000 baskets of 3,500 fish each, or 250,000,000 anchovies. We pay them very large sums for fish taken by them in the North Sea. Fifty

years ago, in the time of protection, and so of high duties on foreign fish, and before the days of packing fish in ice and carrying it so packed to market in steamers, we paid them, on Yarrell's authority, 80,000*l.* a year for turbot, and 15,000*l.* for the lobsters that were to accompany it to table. The Dutch have also a very large cod fishery. A great part of what they take on the Dogger Bank is sold fresh. Of salted codfish Germany and Belgium took from them about 2,000,000*lbs.*

The Belgians are, for their numbers, large consumers of fish. It is sold annually to the amount of about 170,000*l.* in the market of Ostend. More than half of this is taken by Belgian fishermen. The rest is bought, chiefly from French and English boats. We may suppose that Antwerp also does something considerable in the fishing business. A great deal, too, of fish is imported by rail from Holland.

The fisheries of Denmark proper are worth about 250,000*l.* annually. The most important of the fish taken in the Danish waters are the eels of the two Belts and of the Sound. Germany is the chief customer for Danish fish. The cod fishery of Iceland is worth about 4,000,000, and the herring about 1,300,000 crowns, that is together about 250,000*l.* a year.

We have now reached the fisheries of Norway, which possess a higher historic interest than even those of Holland. In Norway a far more considerable proportion of the population is employed in fishing than in any other country in Europe. As far back as we know anything about the matter, it never was otherwise. There never was a time known to history when its people did not obtain a large proportion of their sustenance from the sea. Nature had given them little on land, but in the sea more than she had given to any other people. She had also given them inexhaustible forests for building their vessels, and, at the same time, a coast which, with its innumerable fjords, was the most

convenient in the world for fishing. It would have been strange if, at some time or other, something had not come of this combination of advantages; and something did come of it which has left its mark on the world. These advantages it was that a thousand years ago made them such redoubtable sea-rovers. If the Norsemen had not been a people of hardy and venturesome fishermen, discontented with their own *terra firma*, they would not have settled in France; William of Normandy would not have brought the language of France and his Norman barons here; the language in which Shakespeare thought would not have been created; the English would not be what they are, nor would the people of the United States and of Australia be what they are. What this Exhibition brings before us is fish, fishing, and fishermen; and now we are carried back to a point in the history of our subject which invests it with profound interest. It was the fish, the fishing, and the fishermen of Norway which, at a peculiar juncture in the course of human affairs, originated and set in motion a series of events which formed the English race and their descendants, the American and the Australian; and these are they who are to possess and people half the world. The forests of dreary Norway and the shoals of codfish that peopled its waters created the Norse sea-rover. In him was the fountain-head of a stream of events which has already had more effect on the world than the conquests and laws of Rome; and the effects of which, through our descendants, will continue to expand till they are felt by the whole human race. This it is that makes the exhibit sent by Lady Brassey of the reproduction of a Viking vessel, which was lately found in a sepulchral mound in Norway, one of the most interesting objects in the Exhibition, and one too that is most closely connected with its purpose. We are afraid, however, that the vast majority

of visitors as they stand by it will not feel so much emotion as they will think they ought to feel while looking at the feather cloak exhibited by the same lady, and which speaks to the mind of nothing beyond barbarian vanity, the cruel sufferings of myriads of harmless birds, and an enormous amount of misapplied human labour.

The present fisher population of Norway, though it is in these days, compared with what are now the resources of other nations, relatively powerless, yet is in itself something considerable. The last census returns it at about 80,000 men, or 11 per cent. of the whole population, while 50,000 men, or 7 per cent. more of the population, are employed in the shipping business; that is, if the two be combined, 18 per cent.; and if to these we add those dependent on them, we reach to half the population. Of these 80,000 fishermen, 26,309 are employed in the great Lofoten cod-fishery in 6,800 open boats resembling the Viking vessel just mentioned. These men take on an average of late years 26,300,000 codfish. The time must come when, vast as is this quantity of fish, none of it will be salted, but the whole of it be packed in ice, and so carried by steamers and railways to the inland markets of Europe. Norway has the fish which all would be glad to get. She has also the ice for preserving it. The steamboats and railways for distributing it already exist. Nothing is required but the capital for providing the machinery for using the already existing means of transport and for distribution, and the mind capable of seeing what is required, and how it is to be done. On the other side of the Atlantic a single season would suffice for setting all the necessary arrangements in complete and successful operation. We, however, in the old world continue to feel and act as if the seas and national boundaries which separated us from one another centuries ago, were still as prohibitive as ever of intercourse and interchange.

In the northern cod fisheries, between the Lofoten Island and the North Cape, 14,000 men are employed in 4,000 vessels. In the southern fisheries, between Cape Stat and Trondjem, 2,000 vessels are manned by 7,000 men. To these three main branches of the cod fishery must be added some smaller deep-sea fisheries. These export together yearly 75,000,000 fish dried and salted, which if sold fresh would equal 375,000 tons. Norway is able to supply every family in Europe (supposing the number of families to be 60,000,000, each containing 5 souls) with 30 lbs. of fresh fish annually. The export of pickled herrings is about 600,000 barrels a year.

The value of the Swedish fisheries does not reach 500,000*l.* a year.

Germany has some advantages for fishing in both the extent and the variety of its water area. It has access to the North Sea, and possesses the whole of the southern shore of the Baltic. From its numerous large rivers, and the vast number of lakelets spread throughout its eastern provinces it derives very considerable supplies of many species of the salmon and carp tribes. But the most remarkable fact connected with its fisheries is their inadequacy to meet the demands of so large an inland population. Germany has, therefore, in these days of cheap and rapid transport, become a larger importer of foreign fish than any other country. Stimulated by this shortness of the home supply the Germans have of late given much attention to fish-breeding, and to legislation which aims at increasing the supply. Notwithstanding, however, all this, we find the city of Berlin exporting annually thirty millions of cray-fish, chiefly to Belgium and France; not at all because they are not appreciated at Berlin, but because the Berliners are unable to pay for them the price obtainable elsewhere. The introductory notice to the German fisheries—it happens indeed to be almost all that Germany

contributes to the Exhibition—makes mention of “prehistoric discoveries, which have brought to light surprising facts, which show how closely connected with the dawn of civilisation was the practice of fishing.” It goes on to tell us that “in historic times fishing was a highly important factor in the economy of the nation; and that it was to a great extent the source from which the Hanseatic League derived its power.”

The facts connected with the fisheries of Italy that are most worthy of notice are the variety of fish captured, for the Mediterranean species outnumber those of the coasts of western Europe; the smallness of the money value of the capture (1,600,000*l.*), compared with the number of men engaged in the fisheries (60,000); and the inadequacy of the supply, for the imports amount to 860,000*l.* a year. The most valuable product of the Italian seas is coral. After that come the anchovy, the tunny, and the sardine.

The fisheries of Spain are no exception to the general paralysis which has in that country overtaken every description of effort and of industry. All kinds of deep fisheries have been abandoned. But even the small take of their inshore fisheries is more than the Spaniards themselves require, for they export fish to the value of about 80,000*l.* a year.

The most interesting and satisfactorily executed introductory notice in the Official Catalogue is that of the United States Commissioner. It is everywhere quite intelligible. It gives all one wants to know, and states the grounds of its calculations; for instance, it distinguishes—and nowhere else do we find this distinction—between the prices received for his products by the fisherman and the wholesale market rates. We find that in 1880 the first price, that received by the fishermen, was nearly 9,000,000*l.*, but that last year, a great advance having been made in the meantime both in the amount of fish taken and

in the prices, the wholesale market price must have been about 20,000,000*l.* In the excellence and finish—these in the end are true economy—of their apparatus and implements, in the size of the vessels employed, in the extent of water fished over, and in the value of the fish taken, our kindred on the other side of the Atlantic already stand at the head of this industry. This fact is highly significant when we recall the dearness of labour in the United States, and that all the hands that can be had are required for the pressing work of reclaiming and rendering habitable their new continent only now in course of occupation. Nature, however, has not bestowed on any other country such a field for fisheries as on them. It is indeed a field that embraces the two great oceans; they both are open to American enterprise from the Arctic to the Antarctic zone, in both of which the hardy and adventurous fishermen of New England pursue the whale and the seal. Their own coasts on the east in Florida, and in the west in California and New Mexico all but touch the northern tropic. Their vast lakes, their mighty rivers, their enormous extent of coast give them 1,500 species of fish. But all these advantages would run to waste in the hands of a dull and lazy race. They have all along taken to fishing, and succeeded in it, because they came of a good fishing stock. The first settlers of New England came chiefly from Norfolk and Devonshire, our two chief fishing counties. The effect of this is visible in the motive which guided them in the selection of the spot chosen for their first settlement. It was because they saw that that part of the coast possessed peculiar advantages for the prosecution of fisheries. This was in the year 1620. A hundred and fifty years later New England was employing 4,405 men and 665 vessels in the Newfoundland fisheries: a great venture for those still infant communities. A little more than another century has passed.

and we find them in possession of absolutely the largest fishing industry in the world.

The greatest contrast in the Exhibition is that between the fisheries of the youngest nation in the world, at which we have just been looking, and those of the most ancient. In the exhibits of the United States every appliance is characterised, almost without regard to cost, by the effort to adapt it to its purpose as completely as thought and materials now available allow. In China the ruling idea is to do everything as cheaply as possible, and as much as possible in the way that was found to be the cheapest some thousands of years ago, and all the while to have very scant consideration for the human agent. The fishing boat is generally the only home of the fisherman and of his family; they live on as little as life can be supported on; all the apparatus is as cheap and simple as is compatible with taking enough fish to support the family.

There is nothing in the twenty-three acres the Exhibition covers, or in the six hundred pages of its catalogue, more suggestive than this contrast between the exhibits of China and those of the United States. They represent two very opposite views of human life, and two very opposite methods of dealing with nature and of extorting from her the means of subsistence. Will the people who have grown to 300,000,000 already—an expansion no other people have ever reached, an homogeneous population equal to the aggregate of all the nations of Europe—who are able and ready to work well for less than any other people, who can live where any other people would starve, who can labour in every climate, and are content with any form of government, will they at last burst the invisible bonds which have hitherto kept them within their own boundaries, and which there now appears in them some disposition to burst, and overflow other parts of the world, and displace existing populations by getting

possession of the means of living, through their ability to work harder and to live upon less? Or, to look at the question from the other side, will the most progressive people in the world, who take it for granted that what those who have gone before them did is no more than the starting-point from which they themselves are to advance; who, without shrinking from manual labour, labour with the brain as no other people ever did, in order not merely to live but to live well; who regard the whole world as the field for their activity; and who look upon the ways in which the forces of nature may be subdued to human purposes and the materials of nature turned to the best account, as so many problems which they are called upon to solve, will they be hemmed in, beaten, and displaced by the Chinaman?

It has been said if a Chinese Napoleon were to arise he would cut out very ugly work for the rest of the world. That apprehension, however, I think we may summarily dismiss, because the future can only grow out of the past, and China during its thousands of years of existence, and out of its hundreds of millions of people, has produced no Napoleon. The contrast just dwelt upon seems to meet satisfactorily the apprehensions on this subject with which some minds are at present troubled. Who can doubt that fifty years hence the Chinaman with the same appliances as he sets before us in this Exhibition, will be capturing about the same amount of fish he captures at this day, and which is probably the amount his ancestors captured in the same fashion two or three thousand years ago? This interesting and instructive Exhibition shows, among many other things, that the history and present condition of the fisheries of all people, together with the amounts of enterprise and hardihood displayed severally by their fishermen, constitutes a very fair measure of the character of the people themselves.

F. BARHAM ZINCKE.

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

CHAPTER XLI.

IN WHICH BRYAN INDULGES TO THE FULL HIS INIMITABLE VEIN OF HUMOUR; AND PROPOSES A SCHEME FOR THE BENEFIT OF LADY MAYFAIR'S HEART, WHICH HAS THE EFFECT OF UPSETTING HER NERVES.

Two days previous to the meeting of Bryan and Maurice at the club, Bryan, clad in morning attire of the most unexceptionable fashion and quality, had made a call on Lady Mayfair. His acquaintance with this lady had begun a good many years ago, and had at one period been more intimate than her nearest friends probably suspected. He now saw much less of her than formerly; yet the easy terms on which he stood with her were apparent in the fact that he was always admitted to her presence without delay or question, and treated with an absence of formality that most men would have envied. The present occasion proved no exception to the rule; the footman who opened the door bowed him up stairs at once, without previously "inquiring whether her ladyship was at home," and he was ushered immediately into the presence of the Queen of London Society.

Bryan appeared to be in a most genial and engaging frame of mind. "How charming you look to-day, Alexandra," he exclaimed, throwing himself into a chair, as soon as they were alone together.

"I owe you an immense debt, as embodying for me my ideal of what a lady of rank and fashion ought to be. Not to speak of other debts, too numerous to mention, and to which you yourself, with a delicacy too rare in this vain-glorious world, have forbore ever to allude. Really, you are

an almost perfect woman; and I despair of ever repaying you a tithe of your favours; especially as I am now about to increase the balance against me."

Lady Mayfair looked at him with an expression on her beautiful face which her friends, who were accustomed to see her all smiles and graciousness, would have been surprised to behold there. It told of weariness, hopelessness, and aversion controlled by fear. It made her look old, dimmed the brightness of her eyes, and traced lines round the corners of her mouth, and across her brow. Her hands moved nervelessly in her lap, as she asked in a voice without resonance—

"What is it now, Bryan?"

"What is it now?" repeated he, comically mimicking her tone. "My dear soul, what is the matter with you? Now that I look at you more closely, I believe your nerves are out of order. I see how it is; your devotion to the interests of others has overstrained your sensitive organisation. You need change of scene, and rest. A trip to the Continent would be just the thing for you; and by the by—curiously enough—that is precisely what I came to suggest to you! How fortunately things turn out! A week or so in Paris will be capital for both of us, for you, because you need it, and for me because I need you!" While saying this, Bryan smilingly drew off his gloves, and deposited them in his immaculate silk hat, which he placed upon an inlaid table. He then folded his arms, and contemplated Lady Mayfair benignantly.

"I don't understand what you mean; but I cannot leave London at present," she said, after some pause.

"If you require money, of course I will do what I can—"

"Now, Alexandra, this is unkind!" interrupted Bryan, with a humorously pathetic air. "You will never believe in my reform. Money, forsooth! Did I not travel to the ends of the earth for the express purpose of making a fortune for myself directly from the bosom of nature, without injury or loss to any other human being? Did I not attain my pious object? and have I ever borrowed a fi'pun' note of you since? No, no! Money is beneath me—so long at all events as I have my pockets full of it; and what I want of you, my dear creature, is not pecuniary supplies, but moral support. Yes, moral support!" And here Bryan shook his great shoulders, and chuckled.

Lady Mayfair shuddered slightly, as her eyes wandered over her hilarious visitor, and her lips moved silently. "I suppose you will explain," she said at length.

"You are so frigid and discouraging," rejoined Bryan ruefully. "You know how timid I am in the presence of ladies, and you take advantage of it. Ah, Alexandra, why cannot you be to me as you once were? There was a time—eh, wasn't there? or have you forgotten it? Heartless woman! I believe you have. Would I could rival your impassiveness! But I never can; my nature is as susceptible and simple as a child's, and yet, though wax to receive, 'tis marble to retain. Indeed, were my natural memory to fail me, I have always, you know, this *memoria technica* to fall back upon." So saying, he drew from his pocket a bundle of letters and other documents tied up with a blue ribbon; drew his thumb across the edge of them, as one ruffles a pack of cards, and returned them to their place. "Blessed relics!" he exclaimed, folding his hands over his breast with a romantic air; "worlds should not buy you of me; and yet she who penned you would deny her own handwriting now—if she could!"

"Why will you remind me how much I hate you?" demanded Lady Mayfair, her slender hands tightening on the arms of her chair. "I should like to forget that!"

"How naturally you say that! just as if you meant it!" remarked Bryan, with undiminished good-humour. "What mysteries and enigmas you women are—dear delightful riddles! And, bless my stars! how you must enjoy deluding and tyrannising over us poor artless men! Seriously, my lovely Alexandra, just consider your own position for a moment. Here you are, practically at the head of the wealthiest and proudest society in the world. You are revered, admired, worshipped. Dukes sue for your fair hand; to be seen in your drawing-room is a brevet of nobility; you set the fashion in bonnets and pelisses; your reputation is spotless; your career is splendid. And with all, and in spite of all, how entirely you are a woman! No one would believe how much so—who didn't know. Why, fancy what a sensation it would create if I, after leaving you, were to drive down to the club, and say to any chance knot of fellows smoking their cigars in the coffee-room, 'Ah! you think you know Lady Mayfair, do you? Do you know, then, that a certain number of years ago—she being newly a widow, and susceptible—she met a man, a plain, rough man, very much such a fellow as I am (or was), for instance, and that she fell in love with him? Would you believe that when, in an ecstasy of bewilderment and delight, this man who so resembled myself professed a return of her passion, she lavished upon him the whole wealth of her maiden—I mean, widowed—affections; that she wrote him quantities of passionate love letters, which he always carries in his pocket; that she consented to contract a secret marriage with him, and that, on a certain day, a ceremony actually took place, which—'"

"Oh! why does God let such a demon live!" cried Lady Mayfair in

a low voice, clasping her hands in her lap.

"You interrupt my eloquence!" said Bryan reproachfully. "I was going on, of course, to explain that the ceremony in question subsequently turned out null and void, owing to the tender consideration of her lover, who, fearing she might repent the rash step she was taking, had the generosity (although he was so like myself) to employ an amateur priest to tie an imitation marriage knot. And yet this devoted woman, whose reputation is without a flaw, never failed (though separated from her imitation husband) to supply him from her abundance with all such substantial necessities as he from time to time required—paid him large annuities, in fact, only not to say that he had ever pretended to marry her at all; and would do so this very day, if requested, though (alas for human fickleness!) she is now in love with another man, and he with another woman—do you know all this? (I would say to the knot of fellows round the club fire,) and if you don't, do you pretend to say you know Lady Mayfair? Then, taking from my pocket—"

"I cannot feel any more torture," interposed her ladyship quietly. "You may as well tell me now what brings you here, and then leave me."

"If I didn't know what an arch, jocose creature you are," said Bryan, "you would hurt my feelings—upon my word you would! But there! we understand each other. As to what brought me here, it is, as I intimated, a matter for our mutual advantage. To begin with, we are both in love; and we have hopes—or at least expectations—of our love being returned."

"You may assume what you please," said her ladyship, striving to speak indifferently, "so far as I am concerned."

"You are in love with Jack—I beg his pardon! with Lord Castlemere—of course; that is just what I was going to say. And I, for my part, am in love (*pace* my hopeless passion

for you) with Madeleine Vivian. Now, it so happens, as you are doubtless aware, that these two young people have certain common interests; or to speak more accurately, they have an interest in common. A large fortune is, or was, in dispute between them; and the gentleman got it. This gentleman happens to be, like myself, one of those simple-hearted, chivalrous creatures whose tendency it is to give way to all manner of Quixotic and magnanimous impulses; and when, therefore, he realises the fact that the other party in the suit is left approximately penniless, and is also young and handsome, what does he do by way of compensating her for the discourtesy of the law in deciding against her?—he incontinently goes and makes her the offer of his hand and possessions; she accepts him; they are married; poetical justice is done, and you and I are left in the lurch to console each other as best we may!"

"You—you are telling me a falsehood!" said Lady Mayfair, her cheeks flaming, and then becoming deadly pale.

Bryan leaned back in his chair and chuckled. "By Jove! you are worse hit even than I thought," he said: "what a wonderful thing a woman's heart is! what recuperative power, eh? No, no, reassure yourself, my dear; I was only telling you, in a lively and dramatic style, what would shortly occur, if you and I don't put our heads together to prevent it. I needn't point out to you, I suppose, that you would make Jack a much better wife than Madeleine would; and on the other hand, that it better accords with my experience than with his unsophisticatedness to manage the caprices of so capricious and wilful a young lady as Miss Madeleine. I propose, therefore, that we should do what in us lies to prevent their fatal meeting; and to that end, that you should chaperone Madeleine on a trip to Paris."

"Is that all?" demanded Lady Mayfair, seeing that he paused.

"What more? And now you see with what undeserved severity you have been treating me."

"There must be more. You would not have subjected me to all that devilish torture, only to require of me such a thing as this. You are keeping back something, and it must be something very wicked—even for you. You may as well tell me what it is. Oh, Bryan Sinclair, you need not fear to injure yourself in my estimation! It would take a very black crime not to look as white as a virtue compared with what I know your heart to be!"

Bryan clapped his hands. "Brava! Alexandra the Great; that was a touch of your old vivacity. Love is renewing your youth. Well, one good turn deserves another. The fact is, my charming comrade, I must get Madeleine away from London. The propinquity of her friends and relatives is injurious to her, and hostile to my interests. I desire to remove her from these harmful influences, and to place her where she can enjoy the undisturbed advantage of my companionship, and be inaccessible to, and concealed from, everybody else. But the young lady is wilful, as I said, and capricious; she will, I fear, object to take the simple course of accepting my sole escort; she will want some third person to set her conventional scruples at rest; and who, my dear Alexandra, is so fitted to win her confidence as you? With your support, she would set out for Tartarus at an hour's notice, and be convinced that it was a very aristocratic and fashionable region."

"Do you say she loves you?" asked Lady Mayfair, quietly as before, but with an intonation much as if she had inquired whether the girl were to die on the rack. The evident unconsciousness with which she delivered the thrust caused it to penetrate Bryan's skin more sharply than the most violent deliberate blow would have done. His face hardened, and his manner changed.

"She loves me enough for my purposes," said he.

"Is it your purpose to marry her?"

"That is no concern of yours. You had better be satisfied with what I choose to tell you, Alexandra. She goes to Paris to make her *début* on the stage, and I take a friendly interest in her success. You will be ready to give her board and lodging in the meantime. That's all you need to know."

"You mean to ruin her," said Lady Mayfair, while her eyes began to darken, "and you intend to make me your stalking-horse. You mean to use my house, and the trust she places in me, as one woman in another, to— Ah, this is worthy of you; this is the most hideous of all! If I were the most shameless and degraded of womankind, I think an insult like this ought to go far towards expiating my sin. You dare to suggest this to me, Bryan Sinclair, and you sit there and expect me to answer you! Get out of my sight, you loathsome creature—or shall I call my scullions to kick you out of my door?"

Bryan rose to his feet, with a terrible smile on his face, and stepping up to Lady Mayfair, who had also risen, he laid his grasp on her arm. They stood thus for a moment or two, looking into each other's eyes. At last, Bryan loosed his grip, and the woman fell back into her chair, an uncontrollable tremor pervading her from head to foot.

"You must not let yourself get excited, Alexandra," said Bryan, in a voice as cold and malignant as poison turned to ice. "Your voice is not melodious when raised, and your nerves, as you see, do not obey your will. When will you be ready to set out for Paris?"

"No, I cannot!" said Lady Mayfair, hiding her face in her shaking hands. "Don't do it, Bryan!" she continued, looking up at him with a kind of wild misery. "Deny yourself this one thing! When it is done, what is it? Have you not made despair enough in the world?"

"My good creature, you must be delirious: I am anxious about you!" said Bryan. "You certainly must have an immediate change of air. You must start for Paris to-morrow morning."

"I will not do it!" said Lady Mayfair, bending her body forward on her knees, and pressing her clenched hands against her temples, in the agony of her resistance.

"You will do it, Mrs. Sinclair!"

"Thank God, I am not quite that!" she said, with a half frenzied laugh.

"My friends at the club——"

"Tell them! tell them! Such shame will be delicious—compared to the other!"

"My poor soul," said Bryan slowly, and after a pause, "you are certainly not yourself this afternoon. I am the least exacting of men. I wouldn't for the world hurry you in your packing. I will come here to-morrow morning at ten o'clock precisely. At that time I shall find you gracious, amiable, smiling, and impatient to be off for Paris. It would cost me an uneasy night if I could believe that your mental aberration would last any longer than till ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Were it to do so, of course I should have to take such measures as would prevent you from continuing to mingle with sane people any more. Society must not be endangered by a mad woman, even when she is so great and charming a personage as Lady Mayfair. There—think it all over, and take as many boxes as you like. You are about Madeleine's figure; I daresay you might supply any accidental deficiencies in her wardrobe. Compose yourself, my dear: your nose is quite red. Till to-morrow at ten o'clock then—*au revoir!*"

When he had gone, Lady Mayfair slid down to the floor, and lay on her face, with her white fingers clutching the soft rug. She did not weep; she did not think; but lay like one who waits for death, and cares not.

After a long while, she got slowly to her feet, and stood dizzily, swaying

from side to side. There came a knock at the door, but she did not hear it until it had been twice repeated. She leaned with her hand upon the table, and said, "Come in!"

"Lord Castlemere, my lady," said the servant, opening the door. "Shall I say your leddysh'p's out?" he added, after a dismayed glance at her face.

"Tell him to come to me," she replied, lifting her head defiantly.

CHAPTER XLII.

LADY MAYFAIR AND LORD CASTLEMERE
PLAY A GAME AT CROSS-PURPOSES, PRE-
CEDED BY MUSIC; AND AFTERWARDS,
HER LADYSHIP WRITES A NOTE.

SELDOM in her life had Lady Mayfair presented so striking an appearance as she offered to Lord Castlemere's eyes, when he entered the room. The emotion which had just passed over her like a thunderstorm had not impaired her beauty, but had given to it a wild and pathetic character which rendered it more than usually attractive. The absence of all conscious graces had imparted a strange charm to the native loveliness of her aspect. She stood her naked self, as it were, simple and defenceless, and therefore appealing more irresistibly than at any other time to sympathy and admiration. Her luxuriant hair had partly fallen on her shoulders; her rich dress was disordered; her eyes burned with a singular brilliance; one of her cheeks was flushed, the other pale. She bent upon Castlemere a gaze at once wandering and concentrated, as if she more perceived his spiritual than his bodily presence. No smile moved her lips; but her countenance and attitude gave out a forlorn and passionate aroma of welcome, as one welcomes help and humanity in extremest need.

"I did not know what I wanted—till now!" she said uncertainly. "But now—you are here!"

Lord Castlemere contemplated her attentively, and nodded his head, but said nothing. He was carelessly

dressed, and looked as if he had been up all night; his face was unshaven, and his hair, which had again begun to grow longer than was fashionable, clustered disorderly about his head. Weariness was apparent in the carriage of his tall, athletic figure; but it seemed the fatigue of mind and sensation rather than of bone and muscle. His eyes were no less clear than usual, but there was a gravity in their expression that almost amounted to sullenness. He carried under his left arm his banjo, sheathed in a covering of fringed and embroidered buckskin. He gave his right hand to Lady Mayfair, and after holding hers for a moment, he relinquished it, and touched her dishevelled hair, causing it to fall to its full length. The touch seemed to her a caress, and she drew a deeper breath, and looked up at him appealingly. But he presently drew back, seated himself in the chair which Bryan had lately occupied, and began to untie the strings of the buckskin cover. Lady Mayfair still remained standing where he had left her.

"The only place in London where I like to be, is here!" observed Lord Castlemere, these being the first words he had spoken.

"Why have you not come more often? I wanted you," said Lady Mayfair.

"There is no peace anywhere but here," continued his lordship. "There is noise everywhere, and people come about me; I forget whether I am myself. Being rich, and a noble, hinders a man, not helps him. I used to think nobles were like mountain-tops—high up, and alone. But the Queen's nobles are like carrion, towards which all birds of prey fly. But in this room I can think my own thoughts, and be happier even than when I am quite alone."

"Happier, Lord Castlemere?" said Lady Mayfair softly.

"Yes, for my lonely thoughts are not as happy as they used to be; but being with you gives them a sort of happiness."

"You bring me the only happiness I shall ever care for," Lady Mayfair said. She moved to an ottoman, flung back her hair, and sat down.

Meanwhile, Lord Castlemere had extricated his banjo from its covering, and was tuning it. Although the banjo is an instrument little cultivated by educated musicians, and now fallen into ignorant and vulgar hands, it possesses rare and valuable qualities. Its music—as discoursed by one who understands its capacities—is more immediately the expression of the human player than either the guitar or the violin, or than any instrument except the voice itself. The most subtle shade and variety of feeling answer back from the strings, until it almost seems as if they were indeed the strings of the heart, tuned to harmony by the emotions. The melody changes colour with the mood, and the same air seems at different times, as different as the same landscape in sunshine and in storm. There is, moreover, a homely and primitive simplicity in the aspect and organisation of the banjo, in accord with the quaint and sweet purity of the sounds it utters, bringing the listener into as close contact with the archaic source of music's elements as does the warble of a bird—enriched, however, by the human balance of part with part, which the bird cannot give. Sometimes, too, the note is as low as the echo of a thought; and again it rings out and fills the ear, and gratifies the wish that it inspires. Pan with his pipes is a delicious picture; but had his deityship bethought himself to invent the banjo, his picturesqueness would have been none the less, and he might have produced even sweeter harmonies, especially if, as is probable, he could sing as well as play.

As for Lord Castlemere, he knew his banjo as well as (and, possibly, much better than) he knew himself; and he not only could express what he pleased with it, but a large part of his nature would have lacked a means of expression, had the banjo been elimi-

nated. It was a delight to hear him play it, and another delight to see him do so; for the banjo, more than any other instrument, admits of skilful and graceful movements of the hands and arm. It was a marvel to behold this young man sweep and modulate the strings with swift and seemingly heedless passes, which, nevertheless, were as sure as they were easy, and made him appear not so much to play as to incite the banjo to sympathetic utterance. His voice, moreover, was singularly melodious and true, and capable of conveying finer and more touching impressions than merely musical ones. The songs he sang were, for the most part, of an original and peculiar character, wild, mirthful, or pathetic, according to the singer's humour of the moment; sometimes they were not so much songs as chants, or simple rhythmical echoes of the voices of nature, such as the sweep and sigh of the wind across the grass of the prairie and among the narrow passes of the rocks; the ghostly bark and whine of the remote coyote; the liquid babbling and tinkling fall of brooks; the chorus of birds and insects in the hot midsummer woods. His communion with the banjo, recalling, as it did, all that was sweetest in his Indian life, and importing its harmony and beauty into the irksomeness of the present, must have been an invaluable resource and consolation for the young baron; and, unlike some selfish consolations, it had the advantage of being almost as agreeable to other persons as it was to him.

On this occasion it was evident that music had become a pressing necessity for him, inasmuch that if he had not come here for the sole and express purpose of indulging in it, it was at all events an indispensable preliminary of whatever else he had come to do. Lady Mayfair, also, had been wrought into a state of mind and body that music only—and, perhaps, only this musician—could soothe; and, as she half reclined on the cushions of her ottoman, she thanked Providence

for having sent her such timely and congenial succour.

At length the player laid down his instrument, passed his hand over his forehead, and became once more aware of his surroundings. He seemed refreshed and quieted; and the pulses of his beautiful companion likewise beat more equably, and the threatenings of social disaster wore no longer so terrible an aspect to her imagination as before. A part of Lady Mayfair had suffered death at Bryan's hands, or was soon to do so; but not the essential part, nor the worthiest. What remained was becoming conscious of the stirrings of a fresher and purer life than she had known since her girlhood, when all the world was before her, and all its evil was unknown. Her eyes rested upon Lord Castlemere, and she thought of their first argument on the merits of civilisation and society. She remembered all they had said. . . . He had been more right than she: the mode of existence she had so plausibly advocated—was it not, after all, little better than a struggle, a jealousy, a slavery, with the Sword of Damocles ever poised overhead? Brilliant, conspicuous, triumphant though her career had been, was any inducement sufficient to encourage her to endure the like again? No; even were the possibility of something infinitely dearer not within her reach. She would never return to those arid and glittering deserts. Better the Valley of Humiliation, or even of the Shadow of Death, than that.

By a slight movement of her hand, supplemented more unmistakably by her eyes, she signed to the young man to come and sit beside her.

"Your music is like yourself," she said languidly and tenderly; "there is nothing else like it in the world. I wish there were to be no time when I might not hear it."

"I am going to leave London soon," he replied.

"I am not London—not any longer,"

she said with a smile. "I am going to leave it too."

"It always seemed to me that either you did not belong here, or London did not. When I'm away, I shall be glad to think that you are not here. I have seen all the rest of it, and I hate it."

"You don't hate me, then?"

He looked at her.

"You're the most beautiful woman in the world," said he.

Lady Mayfair's bosom heaved gently. She had received as splendid compliments before, but none had ever reached her heart till now.

"I would not be content to be less than the most beautiful, for him!" she thought. "Why are you going away?" she asked aloud.

"Because I can never be like the others. I've tried; but perhaps I began too late. They and I don't understand one another; I can't do their work, nor they mine; and we do not like each other's pleasures. I don't know how to do good with my money, and there seems nothing else to do except harm. There is nothing of my father in me, except the thing that made me want to see some other world than the one I was born in. I am not entirely anything. I cannot see why I was born."

"Perhaps you were born to make others happy?"

"I've done the opposite of that, so far."

"If the woman you called the most beautiful in the world has any happiness, it is of your giving."

"Music is not happiness; it only makes us remember and wish for it."

"I don't mean your music; I mean you."

He shook his head.

"What do you mean to do away from here?" resumed she after a pause.

"To study my art, and to educate my daughter to be what I could not."

"Is she like—her mother?"

"I hope she will be."

"You loved her mother, then?"

"The man I was at that time, loved her. I have lost the power to love such a woman now."

"But you have not lost the power of loving?"

"I love my daughter."

"I should like to love her, too."

"And my art—I love that."

"Yes," said Lady Mayfair. She had been sitting with her hands folded on her knee, her face turned towards Lord Castlemere, but looking a little away from him. Her tone and manner had been marked by a certain anxiety and restlessness, and, occasionally, by a shadow of misgiving or perplexity. Simple and straightforward though the young baron was, the woman of the world could not fathom him; she could not discover what was in his mind, much less in his heart. Was it that she did not know how to question him, or that he knew not how to answer? At all events, they had not yet felt each other. She had told him a dozen times that day, by look, by tone, by inference, almost by the very words, that she loved him; but he had neither responded, nor showed that he understood. He had told her she was the most beautiful of women; he had touched her hair; he had said that only her presence could render London tolerable to him; he had admitted having outgrown the love of his youth; and yet he had not said that he loved Lady Mayfair. Did he love her? What was the meaning of this mysterious reserve? Did it arise from ignorance, or timidity, or insensibility? There was no sign of these defects in his bearing, or in the glance of his eyes. He was at all points a man, and one capable of the most vivid passion. Was she, then, not lovable as well as beautiful?

The strain and torture which Lady Mayfair's spirit had lately undergone had rendered her, for the time being, as sensitive as a child; and the music, and the presence of the man she loved, had still more poignantly wrought upon her feelings. The world in which she had heretofore existed had

been taken from her; there was nothing left to her except this man; were he to fail her, what would happen? The reflection wrung her heart with a sense of exquisite forlornness and desolation; and all at once the tears overflowed in her eyes; she bent over and hid her face in the cushions, and sobbed helplessly and without restraint.

Lord Castlemere's experience had not trained him to witness such a sight unmoved; but neither had it taught him the proper and prudent course of action in circumstances of such delicacy. An ordinary man of the world might, indeed, have improved the opportunity easily enough; but Castlemere had not as yet received those finishing touches of civilisation which might have enabled him to adopt a purely selfish and cynical view of the situation. He took many things seriously, and some things sacredly. On the other hand he was still, in great measure, a creature of impulse.

He knelt down by Lady Mayfair, took one of the hands with which she was hiding her face, and pressed it strongly between his own. He was thinking at the moment of how his little daughter, Manita, sometimes wept, and how he was wont to soothe and comfort her. He kissed Lady Mayfair's hand; then he bent lower and kissed her cheek. A slight shiver passed through her; she turned her face towards him; their lips met.

It was not the kind of kiss that he was wont to give Manita. When he raised his face, it felt burning hot. Fire seemed to be in his thoughts, but they were confused, and as if they belonged to another than himself. He murmured some half-formed words, and gazed at the beautiful woman with a sort of fierce intensity. As she looked up at him, her eyes were wet with tears, and her lips were slightly parted with the promise of a smile that a deeper emotion held in abeyance. The dawn of that delicious happiness that comes to a passionately loving woman who believes herself beloved, gave a tender illumination to

her aspect. She looked, at that moment like a girl whose first dream of love has just come true. But his expression was perplexed, troubled, almost threatening.

She stretched forth her hand and touched his cheek and his hair.

"How splendid you are! How happy I am!" she said, scarce audibly; "and oh! I was so miserable a little while ago!"

Lord Castlemere heaved a short, heavy sigh, passed a hand across his eyes, and looked down.

"Do not be sad, my lord—my love!" she continued. "You are more to me than a hundred Londons. Don't fear that you can take me from anything I would not gladly leave. I am no longer a woman of fashion, a leader of society; I am yours; my only wish and happiness is to be with you and love you always. Can you love me so much?"

"Love you!" he repeated, not looking at her.

"Yes, your kiss told me that you love me," she said, leaning nearer to him and encircling his arm with hers. "But I have had so little love. I can hardly believe it—that it will be for ever."

"You—for ever?" he said, turning, and eying her strangely. "What has happened? Is this love?"

"I am your love; I am Alexandra!" she answered playfully. "Don't you know me?"

"Something is wrong!" said he, drawing away from her.

"What wrong!" she demanded falteringly, for the first time taking alarm.

"It was like love; but there is more in love than a kiss."

"But a kiss is the beginning."

"Something is wrong!" he repeated; and added, after a pause, "I hate myself for feeling what I felt towards you."

Lady Mayfair recoiled, gazing at him with a shrinking, terrified look, as if he had struck her, and she feared a second blow.

"We had no right to do it," he con-

tinued. "We have created something monstrous—the body of love without the soul. It is not alive: it is dead—and horrible! The soul should come first; but it can never come from you. We do not belong together."

"What do you mean?" she demanded faintly, holding her hand over her heart. "My love is not dead—it has a soul—it is all of me! It cannot die without taking my life away; and that can only be if you—if you love some one else."

"Some one else! Who?" said he, raising his head.

"I cannot tell—Madeleine, perhaps!"

She had uttered the name heedlessly, with a sort of recklessness born of the unrestrained mood into which they both had fallen—a mood which, leaving nothing unsaid, must produce irrevocable results for good or evil on their future relations. But the sound of that name seemed to kindle an unexpected light in Castlemere's mind. He rose to his feet with a new energy, and with a gesture as if shaking himself free from some bewildering imprisonment. A range of memories and feelings, extending back to boyhood, and hitherto disconnected and misinterpreted, started at once into coherence and significance.

"Madeleine!" he exclaimed; and flung out his arms, as if to take to his heart the one woman in existence whose spirit and nature mated with his own. For a moment, so vivid were his action and expression, it almost seemed as if she, whom he addressed, must actually be present. The man's spiritual passion, stimulated in sympathy with that of his body, had at first been perplexed, because he could not recognise in Lady Mayfair the true object of his supersensual devotion. But the mention of Madeleine had presented her before his aroused and groping perceptions in a sudden splendour of imaginative comprehension, and he understood, at once and for ever, that it was her and no other whom he loved. He did not know—and it would have been as

nothing to him, at that instant, had he known—that Madeleine, and the heiress whom he had dispossessed of the estates, were one and the same. All mortal and temporary considerations vanished in the great light of realisation that had burst upon him. She who had been to him heretofore a star, a vision, an ideal, scarcely partaking of the warmth and substance of human nature, now appeared as a living and breathing woman, and as such, not the less, but the more sweet, adorable, inspiring. He felt himself a man, awake, veritable, with a place and a purpose in the world. He loved her. Did she love him? He did not ask himself the question. To love her was happiness enough. To love her was goodness and truth, and nothing resulting from it could be evil. No fears or doubts harassed him. He stood firm, and was content.

"You love her!" a voice said. He looked round in surprise. It was Lady Mayfair who had spoken. He had forgotten her. A long time—years seemed to have passed since she had last addressed him, and he had grown and altered much since then. And what familiar truism was this that she was repeating—what fact as familiar to him as the beating of his own pulses? That he loved Madeleine? He looked down at her with a smile.

"Yes, I love her," he said heartily. "What were we talking about? I am going to Paris; at least—I don't know where I shall go. I came to say good-bye."

"What are you? a man? Are all men devils? You take my heart from me and trample on it. You kill me, and smile at me! No, I will not die, Lord Castlemere! I have some power yet—to injure as well as to be injured! Oh, my heart will break! You made me believe you loved me!"

She flung forth the last words with bitter and passionate vehemence. Was this humiliated, slighted, and half-frenzied woman that same Alexandra the Great who was wont to reign over her innumerable subjects with such illustrious serenity and sparkling

grace? Had the worlds which she had conquered turned upon her at last, and brought her so low! And the forlornest part of the tragedy was, that Castlemere was so little able to appreciate it.

"I never thought of loving you, except as something beautiful," he said, with a touch of unstrained friendliness in his tone that went like ice through Lady Mayfair's burning veins. "I have dreams or visions sometimes that deceive me and mislead me; but how could a vision make you believe that I loved you—unless," he added, musingly, "it made me think that you were Madeleine! Perhaps that was it; something seemed wrong, I remember."

Lady Mayfair had been standing before him, her head bowed, and her hands hanging clasped. Spasmodic undulations, which she made no attempt to control, and of which she seemed unconscious, went through her at times from head to foot; they somewhat resembled the involuntary tremblings which occasionally precede death from bodily wounds. They gradually ceased, and were succeeded by a cold and stolid calm. A superficial observer might have said that she had recovered her self-possession; but there was very little left of her to possess. She now looked at Lord Castlemere with a face haggard, but wholly impassive.

"If you did mistake me for another person, I will be on my guard against your falling into the mistake again," said she. "We all have had our visions, good or bad; sometimes they turn out realities, sometimes not. And let me warn you, my lord, that what we take for realities sometimes turn out to be visions. You are going to Paris, I think you said, and came to say good-bye. Well, you have said it very effectively. Good-bye!"

When Lady Mayfair was again alone, she seated herself at her writing-table, and put pen and paper before her. She did not write immediately, however, but remained for an hour

with her cheek resting on her hand, apparently absorbed in thought. Nevertheless, no connected thoughts passed through her mind, nor any of a comprehensive character. Though endowed with many brilliant, lovable, and even great qualities, Lady Mayfair was not an heroic personage; she was not a queen royal enough not to survive discrowning. Perhaps, too, she lacked the moral support of feeling that the love she had proffered Lord Castlemere was altogether pure and unselfish. Those passages in her past career—well, let them have silence. The brotherhood of sin and the brotherhood of humanity are terribly near being identical.

When Lady Mayfair wrote her letter, day was just verging into night. It was a short letter, and hurriedly written, as if the contents had long been in the writer's mind. She sealed it, and addressed it to Mr. Bryan Sinclair; and having rung for the servant, she ordered him to convey it at once to Mr. Sinclair's club.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN WHICH IT IS INCIDENTALLY DEMONSTRATED THAT IF BRYAN HAD CALLED ON MADELEINE BEFORE CALLING ON LADY MAYFAIR, A GOOD DEAL OF TROUBLE WOULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED.

MR. SINCLAIR, meanwhile, had not been idle. It was still early in the afternoon when he left Lady Mayfair's, and it seems to have occurred to him that he could not better improve his spare time than by making another call. Accordingly, he gave directions to his coachman, and ten minutes later he was admitted to the presence of Madeleine Vivian.

She was plainly dressed in black, buttoned up to her throat, with a white collar; a bow of crimson ribbon was on her breast, and another in her hair. Her dark braids were compactly arranged, her face clear and pale. She received Bryan quietly, letting her eyes rest upon him fre-

quently and long, with an expression in their depths that sometimes seemed to be a remote smile, sometimes a penetrating inquiry. Madeleine always gave the impression, even to Bryan, of inaccessible heights and unsounded depths in her character; of being able to withdraw, if she chose, into unattainable regions, whence she could exercise powers beyond the scope of ordinary humanity. It was therefore with a sense of uncertainty—with an obscure perception of unexpended resources on her part—that her most intimate friends approached her: no one could foretell what, if need were, she might not decide or dare to do. Thus she made afraid the timid and fascinated the bold. And, no doubt, she herself had confidence in the reserves of her own strength. Seeing all things imaginatively and dramatically, and conscious of her ability intellectually to reproduce the sentiments and passions of the most diverse characters, it naturally seemed to her that there was scarce any moral or emotional achievement to which she was unequal. But, as a matter of fact, the individual nature and temperament limit in a remarkable degree the practical possibilities of action and suffering; and it is the dangerous peculiarity of this truth, that only actual experience can prove it true.

Although Bryan's interview with Lady Mayfair had not, apparently, had quite the issue that he would have desired, it was his cue to assume a confident and optimistic tone. Perhaps he believed that reflection would have the effect of modifying her ladyship's scruples; and, in any case, nothing would be lost by taking the best for granted, until the other thing happened. He consequently comported himself towards Madeleine with gaiety and ease.

"My dear girl," he said, after they had chatted for a few minutes, "I have been racking my poor brains about what you had better do. It is a serious question, and a pressing one. If you're going to do anything, the sooner you set about it, the better.

Sticking in this hole will do you no good. You must change the air, morally and physically."

"You mean that you want me to go to Paris," said Madeleine, who was standing in her favourite position before the mantel-piece, with one arm resting upon it.

"That will be the best place for you, in my humble opinion, and for a good many excellent reasons."

"What are they?" she asked, looking at the rings upon her hand.

"In the first place, the best dramatic traditions are there. The audiences know what acting is, and they will stimulate you and prune you; and what is more, they'll appreciate you. You will need all that at your first beginning."

"Yes, I shall need that."

"Well, then you've got a rival; you've got Rachel. The Parisians know Rachel, and they are jealous of her. But when they are cured of their jealousy, they'll love you all the better for it; and the one and only way of curing them is to beat Madame Rachel on her own ground. That is what you have got to do, my dear; and I believe you can do it. It must be that or nothing, mind you! Either the first place, or no place at all!"

"Yes," said Madeleine, gazing at him profoundly, and moving her head slowly in assent.

"Rachel, you know, is tremendous in certain directions: in her own special line no one can ever do more than equal her; but then her line is a narrow one. You've got breadth, and tenderness, and humour, and education; you can assume ten characters to Rachel's one; and you've had more technical training already, thanks to your energy and obstinacy, than most actresses have had when they retire. In short, my dear, you can play Shakespeare as he ought to be played. Rachel can only scare and astound her audiences; you can fascinate and charm them as well; and the fact that you are somewhat of her complexion and figure will only make your superior beauty more conspicuous."

"She has splendid eyes," remarked Madeleine, dropping the lids of her own.

"Piercing; but yours can melt as well as pierce," returned Bryan, nodding his head.

"Are there any other reasons?" she inquired.

"Yes; and the best of all! You'll have freedom—liberty to be yourself, and to do what you please! There, you'll be known only for what you prove yourself to be; here, you have your name and your connections for a millstone round your neck. You can appear there under a stage name, and when you've made your reputation, it will become as much your own as your real one—or more so. Then you can come back and conquer London, and they'll be so absorbed in what you are, that they'll never stop to ask who you were."

"I shall appear as Mademoiselle Madeleine," said she, quietly.

"*Convenu!* That will be ambiguous enough, at any rate. And now, as I said before, the sooner you do appear, the better."

"I think so too," said Madeleine.

Bryan paused. Madeleine's demeanour puzzled him a little. She was unusually quiet and cool; there was something almost ironical in the sober manner in which she listened to him, agreed with him, and—waited for him. What was she waiting for? The moment had come when it was necessary for Bryan to unfold his scheme for getting Madeleine to Paris, and he felt the need of all his powers of diplomacy. If she were to suspect his designs, and refuse, it was difficult to see what means he could use to compel her. Was it possible that she had been forewarned? Not, certainly, by Lady Mayfair; nor was it more likely that Kate Roland had divined his plans. So far, therefore, he was safe; and yet he could not help feeling apprehensive. It is hard to foresee all contingencies, especially, perhaps, when the mind is pre-occupied with the consciousness of villany.

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While he hesitated, Madeleine herself took the initiative.

"How am I to go to Paris?" she demanded.

"That's precisely the question I've been asking myself since our last conversation on the subject," he exclaimed, throwing himself back in his chair with an air of engaging candour. "Our decision then was that neither Kate Roland nor your Aunt Maria was available. Well, what was to be done? Somebody must be found, of the female sex, of irreproachable social standing and moral character, friendly disposed towards you, whose presence would be the fullest protection to you, who would be interested in our scheme, and who would not be averse to lending her countenance to a little preliminary mystification."

"Mystification?"

"Why, to be sure! You don't suppose that a young lady like Miss Madeleine Vivian can suddenly vanish from London, and no questions asked? But if it can be said that she has gone for a trip on the Continent with such and such a well-known lady, suspicion is disarmed; and then if curiosity presume so far as to inquire what she is visiting the Continent for—I take it that a little mystification would be both expedient and excusable."

"How ingenious you are, Bryan! Who is this lady to be?"

"Well—who do you think?"

"I think that no lady such as you describe would do it."

"Why not, pray?"

"Is there such a one?"

Bryan nodded his head with a sagacious glance and smile. Madeleine regarded him steadfastly for a while, and then asked abruptly—

"Who is she?"

"No less a person than our friend Alexandra the Great, Lady Mayfair! Simple enough, you see, as soon as it is explained to you; but, like Columbus's egg . . . the anecdote is something musty! Well, are you satisfied?"

"Lady Mayfair!" repeated Made-

leine, with an intonation of surprise and regret. "I thought she was a friend of mine!"

"So she is—and is that any objection?" cried Bryan.

"Has she agreed to do it?"

"You may rely upon that! and to set out at once."

"I believed in a good deal of wickedness in this world," said Madeleine; "but there seems to be more in it than I believed."

"Well, now you're beyond me! Have mercy upon my straitened understanding! So—Lady Mayfair, because she consents to leave the delights of London and chaperone you for a couple of months on the Continent, is a phenomenon of wickedness, is she? In that case, what, I should like to know, would a phenomenon of amiability and self-sacrifice be like?"

Madeleine remained silent and inactive for a few moments, gazing straight before her with black unfathomable eyes, and head erect. Then, the first stirrings and omens of an approaching storm, succeeding her unnatural calm, began to manifest themselves. She altered her position, passed her hands swiftly and lightly over the braids of her hair, moved with a lithe, elastic step to another part of the room, whence she looked round at Bryan with a keen, indignant glance. She stood, alive with subtle, controlled movements and emotion, a splendid and luminous figure, filling the dusky room with her superb presence. Her very silence seemed to speak, and to be unanswerable. But at length, when the atmosphere had become so charged with spiritual electricity that even Bryan began to show signs of uneasiness, she found her utterance.

"Your reasons are very reasonable," she said, "but you might as well have kept them back. I care nothing for them. There is one reason you have forgotten; and to forget that is to forget everything. It is to forget yourself, and me!"

"Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed!" exclaimed Bryan, who

thought it prudent to avoid seriousness as long as possible.

"An ignorant sin! Yes, so it is! The ignorance of a cold heart and a degraded soul! Do you fancy you can read my heart when yours is dead, or rule my spirit with the brute strength of your voice and muscles? Oh, you have never known me! and I wish to God I could become as blind towards you . . . but, though I shut my eyes, I see you through and through! You crawl and wind like a snake, and think I do not know—that I am beguiled and unsuspecting. But I am above you; and when I look down—as I must do to you—I see what is beneath me! What shame and misery it is! Are not you man enough to stand on your feet and face the light? I don't ask you to be good: I gave that up, long since. Do any wickedness you will, but do it like a man! Can you find no better way to destroy a woman like me than to mine the ground beneath my feet, and smother me in a pit? Have I not a heart to stab, or a brain to crush? . . . Oh, but what folly, too! How can you conquer me unless you will rise high enough for me to contend with you? Why, is not this laughable? Here am I, a helpless woman, trying to teach a man how to profit by my helplessness! Aim your arrows here!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands over her bosom, "not into the earth I set my feet upon! Don't be ingenious—be terrible! I am worthy so much deference, at least! You are cold, cold, cold! . . . Even Lucifer had fire blazing in him. You have fallen lower than Lucifer: if you are a devil, you are a clownish and stupid one! . . . But what am I?" she went on, with a passionate gesture of the arm; "I love you! yes, I love you. My mind is the slave of my heart, and my heart is yours! If you were more worthy of my love, I should fear to tell you of it; but, being what you are, I scorn to have concealments from you! I throw away my shield—the only shield a loving woman has . . . here! Look

into my heart, and defile it and ruin it, if you can! If the love that is there is not strong enough to overcome your monstrous selfishness, then there is nothing else in the world strong enough. That is my stake: I will hazard life and everything upon it: if I lose, then all is lost—for both of us! Your only chance of Heaven is through me, Bryan: and to give you that chance, I risk the hell that you must else endure. Do you understand me? Have you understood one word that I have spoken? Oh, you were not always like this! There was in you the making of as noble a man as ever lived upon the earth! Do you remember that day in the field, beneath the hedgerow, when you told me the story of Undine? You were stained and tarnished even then, but you had not forgotten that you once were pure. You taught me that I had a soul: was it only that you might afterwards destroy it! The first love that ever beat in my heart was for you; and it is my shame and my glory that I love you still. Perhaps you laugh that I tell you this, and think it an assurance of your power over me. But to have such power is more perilous for you than for me. When you strike a dastardly stroke against such love as mine . . . you may kill me, but the love is immortal; it will haunt you after I am gone, and your death will be more terrible than mine, for it will be for ever! And yet . . . oh, my love, rather than be parted from you, even after we are dead, I would make myself as wicked as you are . . . only that I have learnt, in you, that wickedness poisons love; so that we should be parted all the more. It is a tragedy of tragedies, my poor boy," she continued, her voice faltering, and her great eyes softening with tears; "to give my soul for yours, gladly as I would do it, would not help you; for to give it spoils it of the only saving virtue that it has. I cannot make our happiness, and you will not. There is no chance for us, but in the few blind disgraceful months or years

we might pass together here: and to gain that wretched privilege, which beasts enjoy as well as we, you would sacrifice all the rest. Is it worth while, Bryan? Shall I yield to you? What should prevent me from doing what so many have done before, and will do hereafter, as long as women are women and men are men? But if I do, it will be more in despair than in love. When you conquer me, it will not be me that you conquer, but something else; not worth conquering. See, even now, what things I bring myself to say!" She flung herself into a chair, placed her arms upon the table, and hid her face on them. When she lifted it again, it was weary and listless, as was the voice in which she continued—"If you had known what love was—I don't say if you had loved yourself—you would never have made this blunder, Bryan. It never occurred to you that I must be thinking of you all the time, and imagining what your thoughts and plans would be. Did you suppose I would believe that your real reason for wishing me to go to Paris was any of those you gave? I know your reason; and if you had been bold enough to declare it—I am at such a pass for pleasures now—it would have been a sort of pleasure to me to hear it. But instead of that, you told me useless falsehoods, like any vulgar hypocrite. But the worst is, that you have forced Lady Mayfair to become your accomplice. Yes—your accomplice! for she is too clever a woman, and she knows you too well, for you to deceive her. It was a clumsy plot, my poor Bryan. Why don't you confess it? Ah, me! what are you afraid of?—of me?" She laughed in a lifeless way. "Well, at all events, I will not go with Lady Mayfair."

"You will not go?" said Bryan, bending a gloomy gaze upon her.

"Not with her."

"Nor with any one else?"

"No."

"Not at all, then?"

"Yes, I shall go."

"How?"

"Alone."

"Alone—with me?"

"No. I will tell you—and yet, why should I tell you? You tried to entrap me, but you have lost all your labour of contriving and deception. I made up my mind, long ago, to go to France, and to go alone, and secretly. No one but you will know where I am; and you will not dare to meddle with me. Our time will not yet have come. But it will come, at last, Bryan," she added, clasping her hands on the table, and fixing a long, wistful look upon him. "We shall stand face to face, and know which of us has the victory."

Bryan sat with his chin upon his breast, and his red brows drawn together, while his muscular hands alternately tightened and relaxed their hold upon the arms of his chair. He had lapsed into one of those sombre moods which occasionally befall men of his temperament, and which, of late, had visited him more often than in his earlier time. Men of the most unmitigable purpose, when the purpose is also a selfish one, are sometimes fain to pause and ask themselves what it all amounts to. And this question creates a feeling as of being driven by fate into a trap, from which there is no escape, because the trap is the man himself. The strength of which he was proud turns out to be the strength that binds him. The goal at which he aims being himself, all seeming progress towards it is illusory: at the end of years, or of a lifetime, all his efforts will not have improved his position a jot. And when the merely animal spirits are temporarily torpid, and the brain coldly surveys the situation, it can hardly fail to appear unmercifully dreary.

"You seem to have a clearer notion of what is in store for us than I have, Madey," he said, after a silence. "I sometimes think I am nothing more than a sort of puppet of yours, owing all its life and movement to your whim. I seem to do what I please, and even to control you; but that's

only my hallucination, just as the earth fancies the sun rises. If you could only explain to me why you love me, I should be less in the dark about other things."

"It is all dark," said Madeleine, mournfully, and seeming to heed the sound rather than the meaning of his words. "Perhaps I may find I love some one else, when it's too late."

"There's only one man I should be afraid of," Bryan remarked, "and it's not likely, as things look now, that you will meet with him. I don't mean poor Stanhope Maurice, nor any body you ever heard of. Well, when do you propose to set out for Paris?"

"To-morrow."

"Then, if I'd happened not to come here to-day, I should not have found you?"

"I should have sent you word."

"Why not have given me the slip, as well as the rest of 'em?—much more, indeed!"

"I wish to be hidden from the others; they would interfere with me. But you must be near me—within my reach."

"Upon my word, you are putting things in a new light! Then your only apprehension about me is, that you may lose sight of me?"

"You are the one great sin that I have committed, Bryan; and I can no more be parted from you than any other sinner can separate himself from his transgression."

"Well done, Madey! But doesn't the Bible tell the sinner to turn from his wickedness and live?"

She shook her head.

"My heart and soul are guilty of you. Your mark is on them. I cannot turn from my wickedness and live. But if my wickedness would be transformed, and become a virtue—that would be life for both of us!"

"Ah! there you are again. There's no virtue in me, Madey, nor the making of any. I'll give you a comparison, since you're so fond of 'em. The same sunlight that is turned to

fragrance by the flower, is perverted to rottenness by the carrion. Can you interpret that parable?"

"But the sun shines for ever; and by and by, out of the rottenness it will bring forth flowers."

"Humph! Well, I'm not competent to maintaining so figurative an argument; though it strikes me that that deduction of yours seriously menaces my individuality as well as my dignity. It will be no special gratification or credit to me, to furnish bone-manure for a crop of saints! However—never mind! Let us be practical for a moment. You are going to slip off to-morrow, as I understand, without saying good-bye to anybody. But what arrangements have you made? Is your luggage ready? Is anything prepared for you on the other side? What security have you against being pursued and brought back? Have you got all the money you need?"

"I have attended to all that," she answered; "I have a better head for business than you suppose. I shall travel with my maid; most of my things have already been sent on; and I shall stay with some relatives of my mother, who was an actress, you know. It will not be easy for any one to find me; and if I were found, it would make no difference: I shall have taken the decisive step, and I am my own mistress."

"When am I to be permitted to pay my respects to Mademoiselle Madeleine?"

"I will let you know hereafter. Meantime you must stay here, and —"

"And put the others off the scent. Well, that's a job that fits my capacities. And then, my girl, this anomalous half-and-half sort of existence must come to an end. Since that day when I offered you your liberty, and you refused it, I hold us to be man and wife as much as if the primate of England and all his secondaries had been at work over us.

You and I are of a calibre to dispense with the interference of other people in the settlement of our private affairs. Your genius makes you independent of the world, and for my part, I've been an outlaw from the beginning. We shall have earned our right to freedom—we shall have paid our price for it—and we'll have it! All the world can't keep us apart, and it shall have nothing to do with keeping us together! So no more Jeremiads, Madey. Keep your imagination for the stage, and leave the rest to me. Why, another such harangue as that would be enough to make me blow my invaluable brains out. You have such a way of putting things that it seems—until one has time to think it over—as if nothing else could be true. But, the brains once out, the man will die, in spite of your friend Macbeth's heresy on the subject. Come now, let's kiss and make it up!"

He came up to her and laid his hands on her shoulders. She neither drew back nor bent forwards, but looked him in the eyes.

"Not now, Bryan," she said. "A kiss, between us, means too much or too little. Do you know, you have not once to-day told me that you love me? What you have just said means that you love your own way. And you fear the world more than I, if you think its interference, as you call it, can make love less or greater."

"Why, what's come over you, child? If you knew all I could tell you, you'd say I care more for you now than ever. Be reasonable; our marriage was made in heaven before we were born."

"I am my own forlorn hope, Bryan. I neither ask nor give quarter till the fight be over. If you hope for anything hereafter, ask nothing now."

"What fight, Madey?"

"Mine, against myself perhaps!"

"You'll have a tough time of it!" he exclaimed, with a laugh. But he made no further attempt to move her.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

THE most magnificent of pageants that the present generation has ever witnessed, or probably ever will witness, was brought to a successful close in the early days of June in the ancient capital of Russia. The Emperor, who crowned himself with more than wonted pomp on the 27th of May, returned to St. Petersburg on the 9th of June, having at last formally assumed the full burden of that sovereignty which was transferred to his shoulders by the slayers of his father more than two years before. For almost the first time the West caught some passing conception of the barbaric dignity of the Emperor of All the Russias. As men "look'd and saw what numbers numberless the city gates outpour'd," including "the flower and choice of many provinces from bound to bound," the stately pomp of the verse in which Milton set forth the glory of Ctesiphon when the Parthian king had gathered all his host, alone seemed adequate to describe the power and the dominion of one who mustered more vassal kings at his crowning than Parthian ever ruled. For Alexander III. assembled in the ancient seat of the Grand Dukes of Muscovy the representatives of all the conquests of all the Czars. Of the many realms that Cossack has colonised or conquered for the House of Romanoff, not one, from the Baltic to Behring's Straits, lacked its delegate at the Kremlin to do honour to the heir of a throne, which but four hundred years before had been occupied by the vassal Grand Duke of the Tartar horde. So great has been the tenacity of the cement that holds together the unwieldy conquests of the Great Russians from the Moskwa.

Contrary to universal expectation,

no attempt was made by the Nihilists to destroy the Emperor on the very moment of his assumption of sovereignty. This inaction, attributed by some to their reluctance to commit a crime that might be suicidal to their party, was explained by the Nihilists themselves as being due to their conviction that their growing strength enabled them to dispense with the aid of dynamite and the dagger. Assassination was no longer indispensable, for revolution had become possible. A proclamation issued in April by the party of the *Narodnaia Volya* gives some colour to the latter theory. It declared that the Nihilists had no need to act, they had only to wait. In a short time the Emperor himself would display to the world the irremediable blindness of the Imperial *régime*, and his subjects, disenchanted by the disappointment of their dream of sweeping changes, would go over to the party of Revolution. Whatever be the cause, no attempt was made. The Emperor was crowned in peace, and he was left free to issue such edicts as he deemed necessary for the welfare of his realm. The Imperial Manifesto created much disappointment among those who regarded it as a programme of reform. Arrears of taxes and fines were remitted, amounting, it is said, to 4,800,000*l.*—no slight burden to the Russian exchequer—and various political and other offenders were released. But it was not in any sense a programme, and it was only indirectly political. The first act of the Czar that deserves that name was a decree abolishing most of the disabilities under which Russian Nonconformists have long suffered. Only those who realise the extent to which the Russian State is based upon Greek

orthodoxy can appreciate the significance of a ukase which extends at once to the Old Believer and the various schismatic sects the liberties and privileges of the Established Church. Only the Skoptzi, who practise self-mutilation, are exempted from this law of toleration.

This sensible concession to the spirit of religious liberty was followed by a decree intended to relieve the poorer class of the peasants from the burden of taxation. Landless peasants and some others were exempted altogether from payment of the poll tax; while it was reduced by one-half in the case of all other peasants, and one-tenth in the case of other taxpayers. At the same time that Alexander III. was endeavouring to justify his claim to be the peasant's Emperor, he issued a ukase freeing those proprietors who had suffered severely from the agrarian legislation of the preceding reign from certain charges which pressed unduly upon them, and took the opportunity afforded him by a meeting of the representatives of the communes to contradict in the most emphatic manner the reports circulated as to the imminence of another partition of land among the peasants. Another much-needed reform, the relaxation of the regulations against migration—a prohibition unnecessary after the abolition of the poll tax, and most prejudicial to the free movement of the population from overcrowded districts to those in need of colonists—was sanctioned by the Emperor. At the same time urgent orders were given to Count Poblen's Commission to draw up a scheme without further delay for the definite settlement of the Jewish question.

These measures were accepted by the well-disposed as a promising indication of the spirit in which the Emperor would set about the work of domestic reform; but, although good as a beginning, they cannot for a moment be regarded as an adequate programme for the solution of one of the most formidable problems of the

modern world. Even M. Aksakoff admitted the necessity for energetic action, when in a remarkable address to the Czar he implored him to banish the falsity, fraud, and flattery which flourish so largely in official circles, and to permit truth free approach to the steps of the throne. There seems to have been a skeleton at the Imperial feast, which boded no good to the tranquillity of the new-crowned Czar. Somehow or other, whether by the revival of the Zemskie Sobors, or by the concession of greater liberty to the provincial assemblies, or at least by relaxing the severity of the censorship of the press, and by limiting the power of arbitrary arrest, the Czar will have to make his account with the rising intelligence and political spirit of his people. Even General Ignatieff found it necessary to devise some representative system in his committees of experts from the Zemstvos. The most Conservative Slavophiles are sworn advocates of the Zemskie Sobors or consultative assembly, and it is idle to believe that at this time of day it is possible to govern ninety millions of people by the gag and the handcuff.

If Russia has this month hailed with great demonstrations of popular rejoicing the beginning of a new reign, England also has had her celebration, less imposing but hardly less suggestive, in honour of the close of a great career. For a whole week Birmingham kept high festival in commemoration of the twenty-fifth year of Mr. Bright's connection with the constituency. For a quarter of a century Mr. Bright has found in "England's central capital," a platform from whence with undiminished force he has kindled the faith and aroused the enthusiasm of his fellow-countrymen. Birmingham, not unmindful of the honour reflected from her illustrious representative, commemorated the occasion with more than regal magnificence. Deputations from England, Scotland, Wales, and the north of Ireland added their tribute of grateful praise. The speech in

which Mr. Bright acknowledged the overwhelming enthusiasm of his constituents and countrymen, although by no means one of his finest efforts, yet sounded at its close the keynote which has ever been the secret of Mr. Bright's magic influence. "Forgive me," he said, "if I dream when I speak of a new earth. It may be so, but I will believe in a better time. If Christianity be not a fable, as I believe and you believe that it is not, then that better time must come. Earth kindreds shall not always sleep. The nations shall not always weep." It is this vision of the new heaven and the new earth for ever shining before the eyes of Mr. Bright which has been one great secret of his power. Mr. Chamberlain finely described his colleague as having been "for a quarter of a century the potent voice of Birmingham, speaking the thoughts, and the claims, and the aspirations of that great community." But Mr. Bright was much more than the potent voice of any single town. He has been, to a degree unequalled by any of his contemporaries, the potent voice of the conscience of England. He has been like a conscience in his faithfulness, his pertinacity, and his impatient intolerance of wrongdoing. Like a conscience also he has sometimes been not a little troublesome to the easygoing and indifferent, and a simple confidence in his own infallibility has too often animated his discourses. But with all the defects incident to his virtues, no one can look back on the last twenty-five years of our history without feeling how profoundly the deeply religious character and austere morality of the great popular leader contributed to facilitate the peaceful triumph of the democratic idea in England.

Mr. Bright fought over again his Free Trade victories, gossiped pleasantly on the way in which he had formed his political convictions, and then lunged out furiously, after the fashion of olden times, at all who

are opposed to the making of the Channel Tunnel. But his party looked in vain for words of counsel as to the future or even of guidance in the present. One sentence, and only one, in which he vouchsafed a hint as to the politics of the hour, was unhappily conceived and calculated to mislead. His reference to rebel Irish and their constitutional allies was barely defensible, and was in fact undefended when it was impeached in Parliament. It was otherwise with Mr. Chamberlain. After paying a passing tribute to his eminent colleague, he went on to define a plan of campaign with a precision and an audacity that has created very varied feelings in the country. Starting from the proposition, that the Liberals in the constituencies are more Radical than the Liberals in the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain arrived at the conclusion, by a simple and obvious chain of reasoning, that the first business of Liberals was to secure a further instalment of Parliamentary reform. "What do we want?" he asked in conclusion. "We want in the first place a suffrage from which no man, who is not disqualified by crime or the receipt of relief, who is expected to fulfil the obligations of a citizen, shall be excluded. We want equal electoral districts, in order that every vote may have an equal value. And we want, I think, payment of members, in order that every man who has the capacity to serve his country, who has honesty and intelligence, and who is selected for that purpose by his fellow-countrymen, shall not be excluded for want of means."

The political speeches at Birmingham sounded between them the notes of the two great controversies which are agitating the minds of civilised men all over the world. The amelioration of the condition of the poor, of the millions of the labouring classes who toil and sweat and work from early morn till eventide, was declared by Mr. Bright to be the object which of all others preoccupied his thoughts.

And to this Mr. Chamberlain added as a natural corollary the necessity for readjusting the machinery of government so as to make it more effective for the attainment of this end. The amelioration of the condition of the poor is becoming more and more the preoccupation of statesmen. There is not a country where the welfare of the masses is not recognised as the first object of the sovereign and the statesman. In England the growth of this idea has been very conspicuous. This month has seen both the aristocratic leader of the Tory party and the Radical leader of the Liberal party declare in almost the same terms that they recognise social reform as the great problem of our time, and that the better provision of dwellings for the working classes in the large towns is one of the most urgent duties of the State. This significant coincidence is heightened by every circumstance of the time. What are the two measures that have contested precedence this month in the House of Commons? The first, the Corrupt Practices Bill, is avowedly framed in order to cut at the root of the power of the purse in Parliamentary elections, in other words to limit and to destroy the dominance of wealth in politics. The second is the Agricultural Holdings Bill, a measure framed with the view of protecting the tenant-farmer from the confiscation of his improvements by his landlord—a proposal from which the stricter school shrink aghast. Still more significant of the tendency of the time was Lord George Hamilton's resolution in favour of the immediate amendment of the Irish Land Act in order to advance the whole of the purchase money of their holdings to the Irish peasants. Lord George Hamilton, one of the ablest and most industrious members of the Opposition, prepared a scheme by which, by the modest risk of some two hundred millions sterling, it would be possible to convert all the tenants in Ireland in forty years into peasant proprietors. The local autho-

rity in this scheme would have power to raise money by debentures on the security of the local rates, backed by the guarantee of the State, to buy out the present landlord at twenty-three years' purchase, and then to charge the tenant with an annuity, less than his present rent, to be collected with the rates, and this in forty years would pay off both principal and interest. Although Lord George Hamilton was careful to reduce his own project to a comparative trifle by stipulating that the requisite funds shall only be raised in the locality—as if Ireland could raise two hundred millions—that detracted little from the significance of his proposal.

A Commission, which narrowly escaped drowning the other day off the Butt of Lewis, is investigating the condition of the Highland cottiers, and their inquiries have already brought to light instances of oppression equal to the worst recorded in Ireland. To the Celts of the Highlands it would be difficult to deny concessions granted to their brothers in Ireland. Nor are crofters and cottiers the only class which can claim to have its exploitation at the hands of the rich terminated by the beneficent intervention of the State. Why not use the State machinery for buying out everybody for somebody else's benefit? Little as he intended it, Lord George Hamilton's seductive proffer of making every man his own landlord, at an immediate reduction of rent terminable in forty years, may yet be found—unless we keep our heads very cool—to have launched England on the full tide of modern socialism.

In that case England will not sail alone. There is hardly a country in Europe that is not heading thitherwards. The only measure of importance passed by the German Parliament this session has been the law establishing retiring pensions for old and disabled workmen. In Russia, where a scheme similar to that of Lord George Hamilton's was carried out twenty-three years ago, the Czar

has cut down by nearly a million sterling the repayments of the peasants, and at his Coronation annulled arrears amounting to nearly two millions sterling which had been accumulating at the rate of 200,000*l.* per annum out of a total payment due of 4,500,000*l.* In Italy, the Ministry has in hand a whole batch of Bills dealing with the social question. Among these are a Bill establishing a National Insurance Fund, an Employer's Liability Bill and National Pension Fund, Factory Bills and Mines Regulation Bills. Among other Italian Bills, there is one for extending credit to Cooperative Building Societies. An agrarian inquiry is approaching its close, and one of its recommendations, it is believed, will be that landlords should be placed under a statutory obligation to build houses for their peasants. A whole group of Bills compelling landlords to improve their land on penalty of expropriation affords another indication of the tendency of modern legislation. In France, where the work of improving the dwellings of the poor has been imposed as a duty by the State upon the municipality of Paris, the work of freeing labour from the restrictions of former days has not yet been completed. The new law brought forward by the Government for the establishment of professional syndicates, after being mutilated by the Senate, has been returned to the Chamber for reconsideration, where it has formed the subject of one of the most interesting debates of the year. M. de Men, on behalf of the Royalist Clerical party, undertook the task of impeaching modern society for its indifference to the labourer and the development of industrial warfare between employer and employed. The gauntlet thus boldly cast down, was eagerly picked up, and M. Frederic Passy proved himself not an unworthy champion of the new era. M. Passy, after a brilliant survey of the history of the labouring classes under the *ancien*

régime, a history which as he says might be summed up in three words—Pestilences, Wars, and Famines, concluded an impassioned defence of modern progress by quoting the words of Macaulay, "The sufferings and the miseries of mankind do not date from this age. That which is new is the intelligence which discovers them and the sympathies which reveal them." The speeches of M. Lockroy, M. Langlois, and others of the more advanced Socialist deputies in impeachment of "the *régime* of economic despotism," in which the workman became "*le damné de l'enfer social*," showed how far short the *régime* of free competition has come of satisfying these impatient aspirations after a more humanised existence which are becoming the master force of modern politics. The French Ministry brings in Bills for the establishment of miners' pension funds, for the development of cooperative associations, and in numerous other ways indicates its consciousness of the constant pressure in the direction of social legislation. In the Municipal Council, the Parliament of Parisian democracy, a proposal was made that in the construction of the new Metropolitan Railway the council should limit the hours of labour of the workmen employed, and fix their salary in accordance with the ordinary cost of living in Paris. The motion was rejected, after somewhat confused discussion; but the proposal deserves to be noted as an indication of the universal instinct to use power in order to ameliorate, however arbitrarily, the lot of the labourer. In the New World, as in the Old, the same pre-occupation is manifest. In Canada an elaborate Factory Bill has been laid before the last session of the Dominion Parliament forbidding the employment of children under twelve years of age, and limiting the employment of women and children between twelve and fifteen years of age to sixty hours per week. In the great Republic of the West, legislation in the direction of

Socialism must be sought not so much at the Federal Congress at Washington, as in the legislatures of the various States. In these legislatures, the questions that agitate the Parliaments of the Old World, the liability of employers for the injury of their workmen, the restriction of hours of labour, the regulation of the power of great monopolies, the curtailment of the privileges of dealers in intoxicants, the limitation of convict labour, the establishment of free schools, the enactment of factory laws, the opening of free baths—four new free bath-houses were sanctioned by the New York Legislature last month, bringing the total up to eleven free baths, at which 120,000 bathers can be accommodated daily—all are occupying the attention of the legislatures of the federated States. It may be noted also that the Convention of Ohio Republicans met this month, and made the demand for a national bureau of labour statistics a prominent plank in its platform. Nor is it only in the legislatures that the same spirit is showing itself. It is not less marked in the courts of justice, the right of the State to control the rates of railways, and to resist the continual encroachment of the great corporations. The awakening has not come a moment too soon. The enormous grants of land which have been made to railways, amounting in the aggregate to far more than the area of Great Britain, constitute a danger to the State which the more thoughtful Americans are at last beginning to recognise. The working classes themselves are endeavouring to combine for common ends, but as the leading economists mournfully admit, "the immense influx of foreign workmen is an effective check to all efforts to improve the condition of the working classes." From Australia the last mails bring accounts of the celebration of the anniversary of the establishment of the eight hours' day. In England nine hours is generally recognised as a normal day of labour,

but in the United States they work sixty hours a week, and even more. There have been several strikes in the iron and coal regions, some of which have not been unattended by those savage incidents which are happily no longer regarded as the natural accompaniment of labour disputes in this country. At Collinsville, Illinois, the coal-miners turned out on strike. The coal-owners imported blacklegs to work the pits. On the 24th of May the strikers swore they would slay whoever raised a bushel of coal while the strike lasted. All that night guns and pistols were going off every few minutes. The mayor closed every grogshop, and swore in fifty deputies to keep the peace. Next morning, the strikers armed with pistols and primed with beer surrounded the mines. The sheriff reported to the Governor that he was powerless. The Governor thereupon ordered up three companies of the States militia. When the troops arrived by train they were fired upon by the strikers, who covered the banks on both sides of the line, before they could leave the cars. They alighted as rapidly as possible, and fired a volley over the heads of the mob. As this did not disperse them, a second volley was fired, killing one striker on the spot, wounding another fatally, and injuring two others. The fatal volley scattered the mob, who fled, while the militia, following fast on their bloody trail, captured thirty-two prisoners. Next day the papers announced, "Order Restored by Bloodshed," and the account, which would have convulsed England from end to end, was chronicled and then forgotten among the innumerable telegrams of murders, suicides, swindles, and other sensations which crowd the columns of the American press. In Iowa, an attempt to introduce negroes into the mines was met by a horrible outrage, the house of a coloured miner being blown up with blasting powder, and his eight-year-old child fatally burnt by the bursting charge. Dynamite

and revolvers are plentiful in the States, and there seems every prospect that neither will be spared in the rougher regions where American enterprise directs the surplus labour of the Old World in extracting the riches of the New.

If very nearly every civilised State bears witness to the universality of the aspiration after a more equitable division of the good things of this earth to which Mr. Bright gave such eloquent utterance, there are few that do not share the dissatisfaction with their existing Constitutions expressed by Mr. Chamberlain. In the United States, and almost in the United States alone, the mind of the statesman is freed from all anxiety concerning two great groups of subjects which weigh heavily upon the shoulders of the governing classes in nearly every other country. The religious difficulty, that bugbear of Cabinets, does not exist in the Commonwealth, which by its Constitution forbids any establishment of religion, and the question of electoral reform has no place among the disputes of parties in the States. In this matter the founder of the American Republic struck the bottom at the first. Representation is automatically readjusted to population after every decennial census, and the constantly recurring agitations which precede every fresh instalment of Parliamentary reform elsewhere are consequently unknown. Its immediate neighbour, the Canadian Dominion, has no such exemption, and one of the leading measures held over from the late to the coming session was a Bill extending the franchise and conferring the suffrage upon women and other classes at present unrepresented. In France, the only political movement that moves in the constituencies is the league for the revision of the Constitution, headed by M. Clémenceau, which this month has entered upon a vigorous agitation. Its object is vague. It demands such a revision as will guarantee the rights of uni-

versal suffrage. M. Clémenceau declines to say whether he thinks such a guarantee can best be obtained by the suppression of the Senate, or any other method of organic change. He wishes to accustom the country to the practice of liberty, and to organise the Republic in conformity with the principles of national sovereignty and the rights of universal suffrage. The propaganda of the league testifies to little more than the existence in France of that political *malaise* epidemic among constitutional States. In Belgium, the question of electoral reform is the order of the day. The extension of the franchise on the basis of educational qualifications in all provincial and communal elections has been proposed by the Ministers, and their project is seized as an opportunity for raising the whole question of the revision of the Constitution. In Belgium the Catholics appear to favour universal suffrage and the compulsory vote. Italy has just elected her first Parliament under the new Reform Bill, and at present is more anxious to devise means for compelling the attendance of the newly-elected legislators than in revising the arrangements for their subsequent election. Passing by Germany, where Prince Bismarck, by securing the voting of the Budget for 1884, has succeeded in taking a short tentative step towards his theory that Parliaments should only hold triennial sessions—an idea in considerable favour in some of the States of the American Union—and the Scandinavian States, where the constitutional difficulties led to impeachment and agitation for other objects than the extension of the franchise and the redistribution of seats, we find Austria in full process of constitutional decomposition. In Galicia the Poles, in Bohemia the Teheques, with whom oddly enough the Jews have made common cause, and in Tyrol the Italians, have overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers at the recent elections the hitherto dominant German ele-

ment. In the new Bohemian Diet the Germans have only 70 out of a House of 242 members. Germanism in alarm is proposing to consent to almost any sacrifice to the aspirations for sectional independence, if only it can keep its head over the rising Slavonic flood. At present affairs are in a state of transition and a radical readjustment of constitutional machinery will probably be necessary before the new forces have attained a stable equilibrium. In Roumania the opponents of a drastic reform of the complicated provisions of the existing Constitutions have come back from the country outnumbered by more than twelve to one. In Bulgaria the agitation for the restoration of the Tirnova Constitution has been carried from the Balkans to the Court of the Czar, it does not appear with what result.

The most curious phase of all this constitutional tinkering is afforded by Greece, where an agitation has sprung up in favour of a Senate, and of the substitution of *scrutin de liste* for *scrutin d'arrondissement* in the election of the Chamber. At present Greece is one of the few States that are governed by only a single Chamber, and it would be a strange inversion of the usual course of events if a popular agitation were to replace one Chamber by two. As yet it is premature to speak of the movement as popular, or, indeed, as a movement at all. It is merely a proposal, and as such it may bring to a close this rapid sketch of the constitutional changes which at present are so much in vogue.

During the past month the two great Colonial Powers have taken momentous decisions. The English Government has definitely decided that it cannot disengage itself from its responsibilities in South Africa. France has embarked upon a couple of wars—in Madagascar and the province of Tonkin. No English Ministry was probably ever formed more opposed on principle to the extension of

the area of our Imperial responsibilities than that which issued from the general election of 1880, and there is probably no member of that Government to whom the addition of more black subjects is more distasteful than to the Colonial Secretary. Yet Lord Derby, after full and careful consideration, has decided not only in favour of the resumption by the Home Government of the control of the Basutos, but he has sanctioned the inclusion of part at least of the territory of Bechuanaland within the confines of the Cape Colony. The case, no doubt, was complicated by the existence of treaty obligations,—express in the case of the Basutos in relation to the Orange Free State, implied in the case of the Bechuanas. But no case is ever entirely free from prior engagements, and seldom has any Colonial Minister had a better opportunity of curtailing the responsibilities of the Home Government than Lord Derby. Instead of curtailing he has extended them, and decided definitely in favour of perpetuating rather than of withdrawing the civilising sovereignty of the British Crown. It is a strange irony of fate that Lord Derby's accession to office should have been followed almost immediately by the semi-annexation of southern Zululand, the annexation of a strip of West African coast line from British Sherbro to Liberia—an arrangement against which native chiefs with their war-boys have been protesting ever since *more suo* with such emphasis as trade guns can supply—the resumption of British sovereignty over Basutoland, the annexation of Mankeroane's territory by the Cape Government, and the annexation of New Guinea by the colony of Queensland. Add to these the memorials promoted by all the Australasian colonies in favour of the annexation or protectorate of the New Hebrides, and all the adjacent groups of Polynesia, and it must be admitted that the Colonial Office is not the pleasantest of places for statesmen desirous of contracting rather than of

developing our colonial responsibilities. The only step taken in the opposite direction has been the decision to despatch a Special Commissioner to the Transvaal to ascertain in what particulars the Convention needs amending to bring it into harmony with the necessities of the situation. The moral effect of this concession is but small, and weighs less with our neighbours as an indication of the drift of our colonial policy than the evidence supplied by the newly published report of the British North Borneo Company as to the progress which Sir Rutherford Alcock and Sir W. Medhurst are making in their strange and self-appointed task of building up a Chinese settlement under the English flag in northern Borneo.

France, our only great rival in conquest—for the rivalry does not extend to colonising—is making spasmodically persistent attempts to extend the area of France *outré mer*. With us Empire is a growth, the taproot of which is to be found in the daily excess of 1000 births in Great Britain over deaths. With France, where there is no surplus population, where, in fact, the lack of men invites a constantly increasing immigration of Germans, Italians, and Belgians, a Colonial Empire is necessarily more or less artificial. That, however, does not in any way lessen the ardour with which she pursues a colonial policy in all the seas.

The present month has brought her face to face with some of the realities of her colonial quest. In Tonkin Captain Rivière, a brave and talented officer, left with a handful of men to keep the French flag flying over Hanoi, fell a victim to his own ardour, and was cut off with a large proportion of his tiny force by an ambush of the natives. To avenge his death France is hurrying to the Further East reinforcements in men and ships, but she is haunted by a great dread lest in avenging Rivière's death, she should be involved in war with China. That huge Colossus of the East is no longer

the effete and distracted power whose capital was plundered less than a quarter of a century since by the armies of France. It claims, and appears to be determined to exercise, an effective suzerainty over the Empire of Annam. Chinese volunteers are said to have fought among those who slew Rivière, and the danger of Chinese participation in the quarrel is so great that the French Ambassador at Peking is said to have warned Li Hung Chang that every Chinaman taken in arms would be shot without quarter. A *modus vivendi* may be arranged between the two Powers, and the great catastrophe of a war may be averted; but at present the outlook is gloomy, and he would be a bold man who would predict that the world may be spared the calamity of a war between the typical representatives of Western Europe and Eastern Asia.

In the island of Madagascar the French are engaged in an enterprise much less dangerous, although perhaps even more high-handed, than their expedition to Tonkin. Admiral Pierre commanding the French squadron on the East African station, after bombarding Majunga and other Hova forts in the Sakalava country on the north-west of Madagascar, despatched an ultimatum to the capital demanding the payment of an indemnity of 60,000*l.*, the recognition of French sovereignty over the Sakalavas, and the acceptance of the French view of the dispute as to the ownership of landed property by Frenchmen in Madagascar. The ultimatum having been rejected, the Admiral seized Tamatave on the 13th of June, established a small garrison in the town, and after destroying three small villages to the south, waited the development of the situation. The French theory is that the Hovas, finding their chief seaport in the hands of their enemy, will be forced to capitulate. The probability is that the Hovas, a fighting race of Malay origin, who find their own island more than sufficient to supply them with food

and raiment, will persist in an attitude of sullen hostility, necessitating either a march on Antananarivo, or the constant maintenance of a large garrison at Tamatave. In either case the game is not worth the candle, nor will the possession of Tamatave, out of which she would be shelled at the first outbreak of war with England—compensate her for the addition of the Hovas to the number of animals which she is holding by the ears in all parts of the world.

At Constantinople the Grand Turk contemplates gloomily the gradual decay of his Empire. The ferment which the French have excited in Syria shows no sign of subsidence. Egypt has practically exchanged his suzerainty for that of England. From Russia and the Herzegovina the Austrian eagle is supposed to be ready for the swoop upon the *Ægean*. M. de Kallay, encouraged apparently by the pacific aspirations of the new-crowned Czar, has been speaking with imprudent frankness concerning the rôle of Austria in the Balkans, where, notwithstanding the apparent success of her intrigues with the princes, the Schwab is as heartily detested by the people as ever the Tedeschi were in Italy. In Albania, for weeks past, a fierce little war has been raging, occasioned by the vigorous attempt of the Porte to reassert its authority over the Albanian tribes on the Montenegrin border. The most serious sign of coming storm must, however, be sought in the other extremity of the Empire. The state of Armenia, always miserable, has of late become intolerable—so intolerable indeed that Lord Dufferin was instructed to remonstrate in the strongest terms with the Sultan as to the grave impolicy of compelling the Armenians to look across the frontier for help. As it is only from across the frontier that any help can come, Lord Dufferin's remonstrances were wasted. The Turkish Government cannot be remonstrated with into the performance of miracles. A deputation of Armenians waited upon

Lord Dufferin during his sojourn in London, and before them he repeated, in the hearing of the world, the warnings which he had whispered in the ears of the Sultan.

Side by side with the steady decline of the authority and dominion of the Calif, the world is witnessing a curious revival in the position and prestige of the Pope. For the moment it would seem as if the conservative and moderate policy of Leo XIII. was being crowned with a great success. Of all the statesmen in Europe, with the exception of M. Gambetta—who is no more—no Ministers have expressed themselves more bitterly hostile to the pretensions of the Vatican than Mr. Gladstone and Prince Bismarck. Yet this month has seen both the English Prime Minister and the German Chancellor endeavouring to establish good relations with the Pope. In the House of Commons, the true meaning of Mr. Errington's mission, first denied, then concealed and repeatedly disclaimed, has at last been acknowledged to possess a demi-semi-official character entitling it to formal record in the archives of the Foreign Office. Far more marked, however, than the *semi-rapprochement* between the author of "Vaticanism" and the occupant of the Vatican, is the face of Prince Bismarck. We shall not go to Canossa, boasted the German Chancellor when he began to legislate against the Papal Church. He has come to Canossa, the Pope may fairly have exclaimed, when he received the text of the Bill introduced by his doughty adversary in the Prussian Chamber repealing the most obnoxious of the hated May Laws. By this new measure, accepted with slight modifications by the Parliament, it is now possible for the Bishops to appoint at once temporary administrators, curates, and chaplains to hundreds of vacant parishes which have not seen the face of a priest for years owing to the stipulation, now repealed, that the names of all proposed candidates for

sacerdotal functions shall be first submitted to the secular authorities. Another clause of the new measure provided for the withdrawal from the cognisance of the lay tribunal at Berlin, created by the May Laws, and styled the "Ecclesiastical Court," of all complaints against the Bishops and clergy, and referring them to the Minister, to be dealt with in an administrative fashion. The third permits the free exercise of ecclesiastical functions, such as the administration of the sacraments in all places which happen to be without a pastor, no matter for what reason, without incurring the penalties imposed by the May Laws. The measure, although not a complete repeal of the May Laws, marks the end of the Kultur Kampf, and its significance is emphasised by the retirement of Herr von Bunnigsen from public life. Herr von Bunnigsen, who has for some time been the most conspicuous member of the Prussian Chamber, in which he was the trusted chief of the National Liberals, finding himself at variance with Prince Bismarck about the Budget and with his party about the abandonment of the Kultur Kampf, abandoned a position in which he no longer found it possible to exercise a useful influence.

It would be improper to conclude

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this cursory review of the great movements of the month without at least a passing allusion to the catastrophe which, on the 16th of June, cast a gloom over every English town. In the gallery of the Victoria Hall, at Sunderland, 1,500 children were assembled to enjoy a popular entertainment, at the close of which prizes were to be distributed. Believing that the gallery was being overlooked in the distribution of the gifts, the children, who were left without any supervision by their elders, began to swarm down stairs to the area. A door, which had been partially closed across one of the landings to limit the inflow of the crowd, had not been thrown open. The downward rush was dammed up against the door, and a descending column of children, weighing in the aggregate some scores of tons, pressed upon the unfortunates who had stumbled and fallen before the door. In a few minutes 183 children were suffocated or trampled to death. The strange thing was that no sound, or murmur, or dying groan from the appalling scene reached the ears of those within the hall. The distribution of the prizes went on while little ones by the hundred were being suffocated at the door.